Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BV3
N4
Vol I

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY LIBRARY
BRIGHTON, MA 02135

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries

https://archive.org/details/newyorktablet01unse

BRIGHTON, MA 02135

Engd for Bridg. Engd. John A. O'Neill

THIS PORTRAIT OF

The Most Revd John Hughes D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

is presented by Edward Dunigan & Brothers JAMES B. KIRKER to the Subscribers to their Life of the Blessed Virgin & St Joseph &c

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
DIOCESAN ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY

NEW YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857. NO. 1.

CONTENTS OF No. 1.

Pages 1 & 2. "Elinor Preston; or Scenes at Home and Abroad." By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

Page 3. European News. Northern Europe. News from Nicaragua.

Pages 4 & 5. Latest Irish News. Marriages, and Deaths. Catholic Intelligence—Foreign and Domestic.

Page 6. Antiquities of Asheaton. The Comet. Foreign Miscellaney. Some Account of China.

" 7. Siege of Yorktown. "That Capitulation." Proclamation of the President of Costa Rica.

Pages 8 & 9. Editor's Introduction. William Walker Late of Nicaragua. Are we Represented? "The New Era." Catholic Interests in China. Poor Schools in England, &c. Special Correspondence from Washington. Arrival of the Canada.

" 10 & 11. Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Bronte. Poems by Frederick William Faber, D.D. Russian Authors. Alfred De Musset. "All Souls Eve."

Page 12. Dr. McElheran on the Derivation of the compound "Anglo Saxon."

" 13. Chronicle of the Week. City News. The Newburg Mystery.

14. The Country Store and Home Miscellany.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

[Even as Elinor Preston's manuscript fell into the hands of the anonymous gentleman who wrote the following introduction, so did his manuscript fall into mine, by an equally fortunate chance, and, such being the case, I have great pleasure in giving it to the public—just as I found it.]

Much has been said and written of the pleasure and the profit to be derived from a stroll through a country churchyard, always providing, I should suppose, that the person so strolling be capable of enjoying such pleasure, for assuredly to the average run of mortals it is anything but agreeable to come in contact with the dead. "The dead of other years!" solemn and most beautiful words, little regarded by the children of the world, the living occupants of this our planet. Much, as I said, has been written on the solemn lessons inculcated by the grassy heaps and neglected monuments of the graveyard, and this applies to all, for in all does the progress of man's return to dust go on from day to day in fulfilment of the Divine behest. But it is only in Catholic graveyards that real consolation is to be found, for there we feel that the dead are not wholly separated from those left behind. There the gulf of death is bridged over by the hand of faith We read the pious inscriptions: "In your charity pray for the soul of ————," and though the name on the headstone or headboard is strange to us, yet we do pray for that soul with a heart full of tender, Christian charity. Over the next grave we read: "Erected to the memory of ———— and ———— by their sorrowing and affectionate children. They were, indeed, Christian parents. May they rest in peace!" Does not the "Amen!" which one's lips utter, ascend to heaven on the wings of faith and charity. Over many of the graves is placed only a simple cross of wood or stone, sublimely attesting the faith and hope of the Christian who sleeps beneath its sacred shadow. What monument ever raised by wealth and pride could equal that in grandeur! "In this sign we conquer!" whispers the interior voice—the voice of faith.

I was forcibly struck with these truths while rambling one summer afternoon through the neatly-kept enclosure of a parish cemetery in Lower Canada, within sight of the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. The names on the simple monuments were nearly all French; they were Breton and Norman names transmitted from one generation to another by the brave and hardy colonists who also gave intact to their children "the faith, pure and undefiled;" which, in later times, animated the bold peasants of that same Bretagne and that same Normandy to fight as men hardly ever fought in defence of their religion.

The declining sun shed his slanting beams on the grass-grown graves, flinging the shadow of cross and headstone in broken lines over each "narrow house of death," and I was thinking of the light of immortality with which those Christian sleepers had been long since vested as with a garment, when my eye chanced to fall on a small headstone, apparently of white marble, standing in a corner close by the little parish church, in the shade of an ancient elm. Attracted from a distance by the picturesque appearance of this little monument, I approached, and, to my surprise, found on it no inscription—nothing but a cross and a miniature figure of the Blessed Virgin, with her hands outstretched as we see her on the medals of the Immaculate Conception. I looked at the grave: it was that of an adult, judging by its length, and involuntarily I stopped and began to think why it was that there was no name on the stone. Many efforts did I make to solve the enigma, but having no clue to guide me, I was of course, lost in the labyrinth of my own thoughts, and roused myself, after half an hour's musing, to discover that the nameless grave, its sheltering elm, and myself, were alike enveloped in the deep shade of the sacred building, behind which the sun was now setting.

Finding that I had lingered in the cemetery much longer than I had intended, I entered the church to say a prayer for the faithful departed, especially those amongst whose mortal relics I had been so long musing, and then hurried to "mine inn" to procure some of those creature-comforts, for which, after all, intellectual or sentimental pleasures, are but a sorry substitute. After supper I walked out on the little gallery, or verandah which ran along the front of the house, and was well pleased to find mine host there before me in his shirt sleeves enjoying his pipe and the delicious coolness of the summer eve; his dark, Indian-like features, shaded by a straw hat of the coarsest texture, plaited by the nut-brown hands of wife or daughter.

I was fortunately able to converse with Monsieur Jean Baptiste in his own liquid tongue, on which account he had the greatest possible pleasure in answering any questions I might choose to put.

"You have quite a pretty village here," said I, casting my eyes over the picturesque group of quaint, old-fashioned, gaudily-painted houses, shaded here and there with the luxuriant foliage of the maple and the tamarac.

"The place is well enough," said mine host, with the careless air of one who was himself perfectly satisfied with his location, and cared little whether others admired it or not.

"And your church and presbytery," I said, pointing to the building in question, where they stood side by side, their white walls reflecting the rays of the summer moon, as she rose from behind the dark rim of the adjacent forest. "How gracefully does the pretty cottage nestle close by the church!—surely, if peace is to be had on earth, it must be in this secluded spot!"

"That is just what Ma'amselle used to say when she came first," observed the landlord.

"Mademoiselle! who is she?"

"Why, Ma'amselle l'Anglaise, to be sure," he returned, as though I should have known all about her as well as himself.

"L'Anglaise!" I repeated, "so you have a young English lady here?"

"No, sir, she is not here now—she is gone to a better place," and he reverently touched his straw hat, and glanced upwards to the dark blue sky spangled with its myriad orbs.

"Oh! she is dead, then!" Jean Baptiste nodded in the affirmative, and I involuntarily thought of the nameless grave under the churchyard elm.

"Is your demoiselle Anglaise buried below in the churchyard, close by the wall under a large tree?"

Mine host looked surprised! "Monsieur has seen her grave, then?" I nodded in my turn. "Yes," he said, "that is where she lies—may she rest in peace!"

"What was her name?" I asked.

"I am sorry I cannot tell you, sir," said the urbane landlord, as he shook the ashes from his pipe, and leisurely put it in his pocket; "we always called her Ma'amselle, because she was a lady, and the only one in the village. I heard Monsieur le Cure sometimes mention her name, for he speaks English as well as can be, but poor people like us that don't speak English can't well remember English names. As I was saying, we always called her Ma'amselle, and she didn't want any other name given her. You see there is no name on her headstone. Well, that was her own wish."

"Strange," I said musingly, "but had she no friends?"

"Not a soul—at least here. I don't know if she ever had any. I suppose she had in her own country, but she came here all alone, for all the world as though she dropped down from heaven to teach our little ones. Where she came from, or who she was we never knew, because as Monsieur knows we could'nt be putting questions to a lady like her. She might have told Monsieur le Cure something, but if she did, he kept it all to himself."

"So she taught school here?"

"Yes, sir, she taught both French and English. Monsieur le Cure said she was very well instructed, and she looked like it. She was pale and had a spiritual sort of look about her that nobody ever had, I think, but herself—at least there was nobody in these parts a bit like her, nor even in Quebec or Montreal itself,—and I have been in both, sir, many a time—I never saw a face like hers—so sad, and yet so sweet. Everybody loved her, sir," and the worthy *habitan* cleared his throat vociferously, "there's my wife Adele and I do believe she could have worked day and night for her, and for the matter of that, she often did too, after she got sick, for Adele has an excellent heart, sir, and the good God gives her the best of health."

"I rejoice to hear it," I said with becoming gravity, "but, pray, where did Mademoiselle reside?"

"Oh! in the school-house yonder," pointing to a long, low, steep-roofed house, with even more than the usual number of Canadian windows, opening on hinges almost to the floor. "She would have been heartily welcome to live with us here, but she thought she'd rather be to herself—so she told my woman—and she took old Mother Longpre and her daughter Laure, to keep her company and mind the house, for it seems she did not know anything. Poor Ma'amselle!" and again the good man cleared his throat and wiped away a starting tear!—"I'm sure we'll all pray for her the longest day we have to live!"

"I should like to ask the priest," I said, "whether he knew anything of her history."

"Perhaps Monsieur is from the same country."

"I hardly think so, friend, as you say the young lady was English. I shall, however, pay a visit to the priest to-morrow, and——

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Jean Baptiste, "but I forgot to tell you that after Ma'amselle's death, old mother Longpre gave Monsieur le Cure a great bundle of papers that she found in a desk in her own room. You may find some thing in *them*."

This made me still more anxious to visit the priest, and so taking my hat I walked down the street in the direction of the presbytery, hoping that some lucky chance would give me an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. And so, indeed, it happened, for, as I drew near his house, I perceived the good pastor seated under the portico in a large arm-chair, with his clasped hands resting on his knees, and his eyes fixed with a thoughtful dreamy look on the silvery track of the moonlight stretching far and away over the broad river. Unwilling to disturb such tranquil repose I made a turn or two up and down the street in front of the house, making a short pause each time as I passed, and succeeded at last in catching the good priest's eye. He immediately left his seat and bowed with the easy grace so characteristic of the genuine French Canadian. Having made ourselves mutually acquainted, we were soon engaged in a familiar chat, cosily seated at an open window of the priest's little parlor. Our conversation was in English, which Mr. Lacroix seemed to know very well in theory, though his tongue made sad work of some of its peculiar sounds. Still he would persist in speaking it, being glad, as he told me, of the opportunity, "for," said he, "English is to me as much a dead language at the present time, as either Greek or Hebrew. I am glad to speak it with you, sir, for I fear to forget it altogether. I think I could not speak it now, were it not for a young lady who taught my school. She was from Ireland—I suppose Monsieur knows Ireland?" He paused, and I replied with a smile:

"I should think I ought to know it, inasmuch as it is my own country."

"Ah, indeed! then Monsieur is a compatriot—I mean a countryman of my good young friend. Her name was Preston—Mademoiselle Elinor Preston."

"Preston!" I repeated, "why, there is a noble family of that name in Ireland—and I have never known any of the name who were not of good standing."

"Standing?" inquired the priest.

"I mean," said I in explanation, "that it is what we call a respectable name."

"Ah! I understand—and this young lady—Miss Preston—*was* most respectable—every way respectable," pronouncing the adjective with marked emphasis, and in the present French, for words like this, which are the same in both languages, are invariably spoken in the mother tongue. "She was an honor to her country, sir, and her death which took place a year ago, was a great loss to us—a very great loss, I assure you."

I then expressed my desire to know something about the young lady, and how it was that she came to settle down in a place so remote, where even her own language was not spoken.

"Ah!" said the good priest, "that is what I hardly know myself—some things she told me, but they are too long to tell, and Monsieur can have the story in her own words. I think it was a childish fancy made her settle here, but I don't know. It is all here—I suppose!" and going to a venerable-looking escritoire in a corner of the room, he drew forth a roll of papers talready somewhat discolored by the hand of time. This he gave to me saying: "I have

looked them over, and I know there is no family or personal secret in question—so you may have them to read."

Thanking the good priest I asked: "Was the lady young?"

"Not very—she might have been thirty or thereabouts when she came to us, and she was here five years. She looked even older, because of her grave and pensive aspect."

Declining the refreshments offered by the priest, notwithstanding the tempting neatness of the aged housekeeper who brought in the tray, I bade good night to my new acquaintance, and leaving him to read in his office, hastened to the privacy of my chamber in the little hostelric, there to learn the story of the dead from her own simple words, written in that small running hand, easy, light and graceful, which we somehow connect in our minds with white taper fingers.

ELINOR PRESTON.

"What a strange weird thing is life?" began the manuscript, "who can penetrate its secrets, who unravel its tangled web? A solemn fact life is, with the past and the future ever mingling, yet never mingled, and the frail creature suspended by that filmy thread above the unfathomable ocean of eternity!" It has been said that "there is a tide in the affairs of men," and who can doubt it? The Christian and the unbeliever are alike hurried on by this resistless tide, towards the goal of death, the only difference being that the latter struggles and plunges and grasps at every twig that may retard his progress, while the former floats calmly on towards the eternal bourne beyond which lies his home in the everlasting mansions.

Yet even to the calm, unworldly Christian nothing fearing, nothing doubting, but leaving all in the hands of divine Providence, this life is full of mystery. Who can account for the train of circumstances that brought me here?—here, "in the forest of the West," where but few generations have passed away since the Indian built his wig-wam and launched his bark canoe, sole master of the land and the mighty river! Yet here I am. I—the daughter of a race who were knights and nobles in the Old World before the veil was uplifted from the New! Truly the tide aforesaid has been playing strange pranks with Elinor Preston, but it certainly has *not* led her on to fortune. Fortune, indeed!—what care I for fortune? I flung it from me when I had it within my grasp, nor do I now regret it. Much have I lost that I do regret, and shall ever regret while life is left me. A golden circle of loving hearts have I seen shattered and melted down in the crucible of time. I myself am the only link remaining in this nether world, and my heart is the sole earthly repository of the loves, and hopes, and fears that made up the lives of all.

Here I am all alone: alone in the midst of my fellow-creatures—a mystery to all around me. Lonely I am, but not desolate, for my heart is full of faith in the divine promises, and the villagers amongst whom my wayward fate has cast me, are guileless as our first parents in their pristine state, and kind as love and pity could make them. They do not treat me as a stranger, and their artless confidence wins my heart. Although differing in almost everything from my own people, there is still one sacred bond of union between us—one broad platform on which we stand side by side—it is the bond of faith, the platform of Catholicity. So I am not a stranger here—be still, sad yearning heart! —I am not a stranger where I can pray with all the people, and be nourished with the sacraments, whose fruits are visible in the calm bright current of their peaceful life. I, too, have found peace in this secluded spot, peace which I had sought in vain amid the glare and glitter of more polished society. There are moments when I can smile at the contrast between the gay and perhaps brilliant Elinor Preston, a few years since

"————— the favor'd guest
In many a lighted hall,"

the dispenser of fashion to an admiring circle—and not small—of country *elegants*, the sun of a nice little solar system. The metamorphosis is complete. The flight of years—few but heavy-laden with sorrow and reverse—has crushed the buoyant spirit and withered the roseate cheek, and dimmed the sparkling eye of the ball-room belle, and I sit as demurely day after day hammering the alphabet into thick little skulls as though I had been all my life a school-ma'am, as a female teacher is, oddly-enough, called in the neighboring Republic.

But why all this? why do I find myself, pen in hand, putting my retrospective fancies on paper? who shall read them? who, in all this vast region, will ever be interested in the reminiscenses of a being so utterly isolated—a branch lopped off from the parent tree, or rather left to mourn its fall, and flung by the capacious wind of fate to the opposite side of the globe? No matter, though there be more to read, it will fill up many an hour of time that would hang heavy on my hands, and if, as I sometimes think, the disease that carried off my mother in the bloom of life has already commenced its ravages on my attenuated frame, then this scroll shall remain—sole relic of my thirty years' sojourn in this vale of tears. Some wanderer from my own loved land may chance to stumble on my papers when I have passed from this world, even some one who knew me in those early years now clear and bright before my mental vision as the mountains of green Erin in the morning sun. So with this *will-o'-the-wisp* to guide me, I will glance briefly over the past.

I am the last of all my family. Parents, and brothers, and sisters, nay! even uncles and aunts have all disappeared in the waves of time,—Heaven rest their souls in mercy! And yet I am not old, that is, not *very* old, although I used to think *thirty* a good round age, and perhaps it is, too, in the present curtailed duration of human life. My father was a member of the Irish bar, and, though by no means distinguished in his profession, was, nevertheless, universally respected for honesty and integrity. Strictly honorable in his dealings with all men, and quite willing to assist the needy when he had it in his power, he had many friends, and few or no enemies. He was, indeed, one of those good easy men who seem to glide as smoothly through the world as though it had neither rocks nor shoals. My mother was of a different temperament. Endowed with very uncommon powers of mind, her sensibility was most acute, and the trials and troubles which passed so lightly over my father's head, fell on her heart with crushing weight. Her mind was too highly-wrought, her aspirations too lofty, and her standard of excellence too high for the average run of society, and the consequence was that she involuntarily shrank from the world, and the world soon found that out, and set my dear mother down as a very unsocial sort of person, because, forsooth! she could not bring herself down to *its* level, and do and say just what it bade her. There were amongst our visitors—chiefly my father's professional friends—some few who could and did appreciate my mother, and were in turn reverenced and esteemed by her. One of these was an elderly gentleman, of large and massive frame, finely-formed head, and a countenance at once expressive of piercing intellect and keen, shrewd, caustic humor. He had a voice like a stentor and an eye like a hawk. There was another—the direct opposite of the gentleman just described—who was, like him, a fast and firm friend of my mother's. He was a small man, a very small man, indeed, with a head so much too large for his body that it gave him a sort of dwarfish look. Yet his countenance was one that attracted the beholder, not from the beauty of feature or color, but because of the fire which darted from his eye, the fire of genius and of inspiration. In my earlier days these two individuals were on the most friendly terms, but there came a time when they were worse than strangers, so that no one thought of inviting them to the same table. Years and years had they labored together in a great work—a work of more than national importance, but the strife of politics grew up between them, and they were totally estranged. Through all the storm of contention, both the Titans kept up their friendly intercourse with my parents, for my father, though a warm adherent of our large friend, took no prominent part in politics. Our domicile was situate in a *professional* street, adjoining Rutland square. We had also a country-house near the Curragh of Kildare where my father had a small property. Whether in town or country, we were surrounded by everything gay and cheerful, and when we had no visiters, which, to say the truth, seldom happened, our own family was in itself a circle large enough for social enjoyment. I had two brothers and two sisters, all older than myself, with the exception of little Carry, my pet sister, the pet of the whole family, the spoiled darling who controlled us all. We had also an ancient aunt, who lived with us, a spinster of much energy and determination of character. And a character she was, too, my poor Aunt Kate, with her tall, stiff, angular form, her long, thin, and very marked features, and her precise, formal manner. She had a vast opinion of her own consequence, together with no small share of family pride, and looked down from a dignified elevation on my dear mother whose birth was a shade or two lower than her own, for she was my father's sister, and both were come of what is called a good family. They were, indeed, collateral descendents of that Lord Gormanstown who took so prominent a part in the troubles of 1641. Not a soul belonging to them had ever been in business, as far as Aunt Kate's recollection went, and it went back very far, a great way beyond the loyal old Lord of the Hale, the defender of king and country, while my mother's progenitors were, on the contrary, all business people. "Shopkeepers, my dear!" as my Aunt Kate used to say to some confidential friend, with a face expressive of the most sovereign contempt. Yet the dear old lady had her good points, and was, on the whole, anything but a bad sister-in-law to my poor mother. She had been somewhat of a belle—at least she said so—in her early days, and prided herself still on what she called the gentility of her carriage. She was fond of dress, but unluckily she always managed to wear the most fantastic costume that ever woman wore, at least in this exquisite nineteenth century. Yet dear Aunt Kate was a special favorite with our most distinguished visitors, to whom her little odd ways were worth gold, while the sterling value of her character commended their esteem. The barrister to whom I first alluded took especial pleasure in practising on my good aunt's simple vanity, and even now when time and death have made their memories solemn, I can hardly refrain from smiling as I sit in my lonely room and summon from the storehouse of the past the Hogarth-like pictures of many a humorous scene wherein my ancient relative and the great lawyer were the principal actors.

It so happened that our friend had a friend who was famous for having the tenderest and most inflammable of hearts where our sex was concerned. To borrow the words of a song more popular than elegant:

"Red-hot as a ball from a cannon
Was *this* Irishman's heart for the ladies."

He was a man of some genius, too, having attained some distinction in the world of science—a gentleman by birth and by education, yet strange to say his years were "in the sere and yellow leaf," and he still pining in single—shall I say *blessedness*?—not so, for honest Tom was *not* blessed in his singleness, and would have made himself *double* if he could. In fact, he was known to have made several fruitless attempts, and had latterly desisted in very hopelessness. And yet he was neither old nor ugly, but somehow that capricious deity Hymen seemed to have declared against him. It was, however, well understood amongst his friends—and to say the truth he had very many—that the wearing of petticoats was *not* the sole qualification he required in the favored *she*. The possession of youth and beauty, was said to be indispensably necessary. Now all this was well known to the arch one who was, in fact, Tom's great patron, model, and it might be, master, and good capital he made of it for the amusement of himself and others. One of these frolics I am tempted to tell, as one of our own family was a party concerned.

"Tom!" said he one day to his devoted follower, "how stands your heart just now? Engaged or not engaged, *that* is the question?"

"Disengaged, I pledge you my honor."

"Well!" said the counsellor, assuming a confidential air, and lowering his voice to almost a whisper, "I have a young lady *in perspecto* who will answer you to a t: a bewitching creature, Tom, highly accomplished, and all the rest, everything, in fact, that a reasonable man could desire. I hope she may not think you too old—that's all!"

"Me too old!" cried Tom with a start, "why surely you jest! It is not come to that with me yet, I think. But who is the lady, my dear sir?—do I know her?"

"You *shall* know her, and that before long. But mind I manage this matter myself. I must manœuvre a little to bring you together, for the lady has quite a distrust of strangers, especially if they be unmarried gentlemen. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly," said Tom, looking all the time very much puzzled, "but, I say, my good sir, where's the use in my trying any more—the fates against me, I see that clearly."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense, man! Your hour has not come yet. *My* lady will, I hope, be the star of your fortune, so mind you be all ready, 'puffed, powdered, and shaved,' when I call for you on Thursday next. We dine at Harry Preston's, and so does your pole-star, that is to be. I am anxious to see you settled. Tom! I am, upon my honor! and will depend on you to turn this opportunity to account—you may never have such another, mind I tell you!"

Tom was profuse in his thanks for such fatherly kindness, and promised to be very punctual on Thursday, indeed, that was not any great stretch for him, for he was not at all times remarkably punctual to his appointments.

This arranged to his satisfaction, as regarded the gentleman, he next made it his business to see my aunt, to whom he slily insinuated that a certain friend of his was most anxious to make her acquaintance. "What his motives are, Miss Preston, it is not for me to say, neither would it be decorous if I did, inasmuch as young gentlemen who desire to make the acquaintance of young ladies, are apt to have peculiar notions of their own."

"Oh, certainly, Counsellor! certainly," said my aunt, trying hard to bring up a blush, and affecting to be very intent on the work-box, whose contents she was arranging at the moment. "I shall be most happy to meet the gentleman, as you say he is a friend of yours."

"A very particular friend, indeed! Good morning, Miss Preston, you must excuse the shortness of my visit. I am just on my way to that meeting at the Rotunda. I hope you will pay a little extra attention to your toilet on Thursday, for even *you*, my dear Miss Preston, cannot afford to dispense with the aid of ornament. I never could agree with him who said that 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most.' I know Mrs. Preston is invisible at this hour, but you will have the goodness to tell her that I bring an extra guest on Thursday. Good morning once again!—how well that blush becomes you!"

With a hasty shake-hands he slipped through the door, fearful of laughing in the face of the simpering old lady, whose face had no fresher color at the moment than the drab silk dress she wore.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.—Most prominent among the South American countries is the great Empire of Brazil. With a seacoast extending nearly four thousand miles, from the mouth of the great Amazon nearly to the mouth of La Plata, and with a territory unbroken from the Atlantic Ocean to the feet of the Cordilleras, she embraces within her boundaries a territorry of vast magnitude, of great beauty, of unrivalled physical advantages, a large and industrious population, and affords a commerce in the production of the soil not equalled by that of any other country in the world for its variety, richness and value. The population of the Provinces and the Empire, according to returns just published by the Minister of the Empire, is 7,677,800.

The population is rapidly increasing, and especially since the abolition of the abominable slave trade in 1850. That one act of the Imperial government has done more than all other combined influences to stimulate the industry and enterprize of the country, and advance the people in moral, social, and pecuniary well-being. The nation has entered on a new career of prosperity. The government is liberalizing its system of commerce, inviting colonization from foreign lands, encouraging agriculture and the arts, pushing its railroads to the interior, and liberally subsidizing about twenty companies which are conducting the fluvial and coast steam navigation.—*Daily News.*

THE LOUISVILLE RIOT.—The Know-Nothings of Louisville have had another feast of blood. They have dragged the negroes tried for the murder of the Joyce family, and acquitted of the charge, forth from the prison and hanged them. The Sheriff, after firing some blank cartridges at the mob, discovered that *further resistance was useless*, and opened the prison doors to the mob. Mayor Pilcher, the mob-elected ruler of the city, tried to soothe his associates by a speech, but was struck in the face by a boulder and carried home severely wounded. Riot reigned rampant for one day and night, as it had virtually ruled in that city ever since law was trodden under foot in 1854, and left lying there stained with the blood of Irish poor. Through its ballot-box and its most influential newspaper, Louisville has assumed the responsibility of the murders of Bloody Monday. The blood is on a party of her citizens, and occurrences like the late riot demonstrate that its cry for vengeance is not unheard on high. Let them repent of the wrong, retract their calumnies, discountenance the slanderers in their midst, punish the murderers, and their otherwise inevitable doom may be averted. But even "Americans" cannot resist the rule of God.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE ARABIA.

The Arabia arrived at this port, on Thursday last, with advices to the 16th of May. The Grand Duke Constantine is still the guest of the French Emperor. Prince Napoleon had quitted France, for the present, and gone to Berlin. The papers say that this was to avoid the Grand Duke, whom he cordially dislikes, and that in order to escape paying him any deference he concluded to leave. The Court had removed to Fontainebleau, where a series of games and pastimes were set on foot for the amusement of the Russian guests, into all of which the "barbarous Muscovites" of yesterday seem to enter with a zeal and grace calculated to do honor to the most fastidious and enlightened.

But while those pastimes are being indulged in at Fontainebleau, a scene of an entirely different nature is being enacted in Paris. This is the trial of a number of persons charged with being members of a secret society, and having in their possession concealed weapons. The following list contains the names, ages, and occupations, of those individuals:

"Pierre Victor Clement, 29 years of age, shoemaker; Pierre Deley, 42 years, printer on stuffs; Joachim Auguste Blondell, 37 years, basketmaker; Jean Marie Pierre Reginer, 34 years, tailor; Antoine Valla, 37 years, basketmaker; Jean Marie Vivien, 23 years, dealer in musical instruments; Joseph Colin, 39 years, cooper; Claude Vallorge, 39 years, currier; Claude Durand, 34 years, tinman; Gustave Adolphe Martnion, architect; Egide Arnaud Pillette, 39 years, doctor of law, barrister, and former Commissary of the Republic; Jean Baptiste Bailly, 41 years, wineshop keeper; Francois Vivier, 40 years, tailor; Theodule Gauthier, 29 years, basketmaker."

After a lengthened investigation the parties were found guilty and visited with various penalties. Pilette, the barrister, was sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen months and a fine of 1,000 francs, Vivien and Bailly to imprisonment for ten months and a fine of 500 francs, Clement and Regnier to imprisonment for ten months and a fine of 100 francs, Martinon to imprisonment for one year and a fine of 500 francs, Deley, Gouthier, Vala, and Colin each to imprisonment for six months and a fine of 100 francs, Blondell for being in possession of prohibited arms, was imprisoned for three months and a fine of 50 francs.

The Bank of France had succeeded in procuring an extension of its charter for thirty years, but in exchange for this advantage, the Bank promises to pay the Government the enormous sum of one hundred million of Francs, this amount to be paid in four instalments within the next twelve months, and for which Treasury Bonds to the amount are already issued in liquidation of the National debt.

From England we learn that the Jews find favor in the eyes of the Premier, who contemplates the introduction of a bill allowing persons of that persuasion to become members of Parliament. This measure is intended for the especial benefit of Baron Rothschild, that personage being particularly anxious to procure a seat in the English Commons. This bill will certainly become law within the present year.

Close on the heels of the recently-reported British victories in Persia, comes the announcement of the death of two British officers, not in the open field in conflict with the foe, but by the peculiarly English mode of suicide. The names of those *noble Britons* are Stalker and Etheridge, the first a General, and the other a Commodore. Stalker is represented to have shot himself, because he felt uneasy about the responsibility of preserving his troops through the hot weather then approaching, but the truth is, that he was led to the act because refused the command of the 3d Cavalry, which he eagerly longed for. Etheridge destroyed himself, having been, to use the words of the electric telegraph, affected by "long-continued anxiety connected with the duties of his command."

From Italy we learn that the Pope had set out from Rome on his intended journey, and arrived at Civita Castellana on the 4th of May. At Magliana, Otricoli and Nani, he visited the Cathedrals, the people at each of those places flocking in crowds to visit him and receive his benediction. When about leaving Terni a number of young men belonging to the first families in that place, requested leave to take away the horses from his carriage and to draw it themselves, but with this request his Holiness would not comply. The inhabitants strewed the streets through which he passed with flowers, and at Spoleto triumphal arches were erected. Indeed, wherever he entered, whether city, town, or hamlet, the warm-hearted inhabitants failed not to evince their zeal and respect towards the illustrious Pontiff by every demonstration of congratulation and applause. The Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who witnessed the Pontiff's departure from the Eternal City, sends that journal the following description regarding it, in which he asserts that "Pio Nono's progress will be a series of ovations in every town he comes to." He writes:

"I have returned from witnessing Pio Nono's departure from St. Peter's ample piazza, which with the French and Roman troops drawn out, and a vast concourse of spectators collected together, afforded almost as gay a spectacle as the benediction on Easter Sunday. The troops all knelt as the Pope passed down the sanded centre piazza, bestowing his benedictions right and left, and a profound silence prevailed throughout the thousands of spectators beyond, amongst whom not a few, especially of the softer sex, gave evident tokens of regret at the departure of their sovereign, of whose individual benevolence and amiability of character there is in unbiased minds but one opinion. The French general accompanied the Pope on horseback as far as the Porta Angelica, where another vast concourse of spectators was collected, and indeed all along that portion of the road crowds of people were stationed. At the Milvian bridge, however, their numbers were greatest, and hundreds of carriages were waiting, besides equestrians and pedestrians, to behold the pontiff's travelling train, and to obtain his parting benediction. It is not known when he intends to return, nor is the object of his journey very clearly defined. It is presumed, however, that he will be absent three or four months. There is very little doubt that Pio Nono's progress will be a series of ovations in every town he comes to, for the accounts we already receive of the preparations made by the various municipalities show that they are intended to be worthy of so extraordinary an occasion."

Ferdinand of Naples, has filled his capital with Swiss troops, that garrison being exclusively composed of the soldiers of the Swiss nation. A strong prejudice still existed against England, and a young Englishman in consequence of some misconduct on his part, was near falling a victim to the indignation of some citizens.

The Russians are busily engaged on the Amoor; they are founding an immense maritime establishment on that river which they intend to dignify with the name of Port Imperial. This place is represented to be about one hundred and thirty miles to the South of the Bay of Castries. This future naval station is intended to comprise, factories, drydocks, and storehouses, together with all the necessaries for sheltering a large fleet, and for the protection of the whole two powerful batteries are in course of erection, to be built after the most approved and strongest manner. It is evident from the energy displayed along the line of the above river for some time past, but more especially since the close of the Crimean war, that the Russians contemplate, at no far distant day, making it the basis of extensive military operations. A son has been born to the Czar, and from Cronstadt a frigate is already prepared for the purpose of conveying a Russian envoy to China, charged with a special mission to the head of that Empire.

We have definite and reliable intelligence from Australia. The Haines ministry were defeated on a vote of no confidence by a majority of 29 to 23. This took place on the 3d of March, shortly after which Haines placed his resignation in the hands of the governor. The new government had demanded and obtained a grant of two hundred and seventy thousand pounds for immigration. In order to administer this fund properly, a chief commissioner and five or six agents had been appointed. The following is an authentic list of the new ministry.

Chief Secretary—J. O'Shannassy, vice Haines.

Treasurer—J. L. Foster, vice Sladen.

Trade and Customs—E. Greeves, vice Childers.

Crown Lands—Gavan Duffy, vice Clarke.

Public Works—George Horne, vice Pasley.

Law Officers of the Crown—H. S. Chapman, Attorney-General, vice Fellows; and Dennistoun Wood, Solicitor-General, vice Sitwell.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

I was at first a little surprised to find the natives of the North so slow, indolent and improvident. We have an idea that a cold climate is bracing and stimulating—*ergo*, the further north you go, the more active and energetic you will find the people. But the touch of ice is like that of fire. The Tropics relax, the Pole benumbs, and the practical result is the same in both cases. In the long, long Winter, when there are only four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness—when the cows are housed, the wood cut, the hay gathered, the barley bran and fir bark stowed away for bread, and the Summer's catch of fish salted—what can a man do, when his load of wood or hay is hauled home, but eat, gossip and sleep? To bed at nine, and out of it at eight in the morning, smoking and dozing between the slow performance of his few daily duties, he becomes at last as listless and dull as a hibernating bear. In the Summer he has perpetual daylight, and need not hurry. Besides, why should he give himself special trouble to produce an unusually large crop of flax or barley, when a single night may make his labors utterly profitless? Even in midsummer the blighting frost may fall: Nature seems to take a cruel pleasure in thwarting him: he is fortunate only through chance; and thus a sort of Arab fatalism and acquiescence in whatever happens takes possession of him. His improvidence is also to be ascribed to the same cause. Such fearful famine and suffering as exists this Winter in Finland and Lapland might no doubt have been partially prevented, but no human power could have wholly forestalled it.

The Polar Zone was never designed for the abode of man. I cannot for the life of me see what ever induced beings endowed with human reason to transplant themselves hither and here take root, while such vast space lie waste and useless in more genial climes. A man may be pardoned for remaining where the providences of birth and education have thrown him, but I cannot excuse the first colonists for inflicting such a home upon centuries of descendants. Compare even their physical life—the pure animal satisfaction in existence, for that is not a trifling matter after all—with that of the Nubians, or the Malays, or the Polynesians! It is the difference between a poor hare, hunted and worried year after year by hounds and visions of hounds, and the familiar, confiding wren, happiest of creatures, because secure of protection everywhere.

Meanwhile, it is truly comfortable to find that even here, where men live under such discouraging circumstances that one would charitably forgive them the possession of many vices, they are, according to their light, fully as true, and honest, and pure, as the inhabitants of the most favored countries in the world. Love for each other, trust in each other, faith in God, are all vital among them; and their shortcomings are so few and so easily accounted for, that one must respect them and feel that his faith in man is not lessened in knowing them. You who spend your lives at home can never know how much good there is in the world. In rude, unrefined races, evil naturally rises to the surface, and one can discern the character of the stream beneath its scum. It is only in the highest civilization where the outside is goodly to the eye, too often concealing an interior foul to the core.—*Bayard Taylor.*

"MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."—This saying was supposed to take its origin from one of the Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose, as Ainsworth has it, thus: "A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he (the king) should never taste the wine produced by it. The king disregarded his prophecy; and when, at an entertainment, he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for his slave, and asked him, insultingly, what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' Scarcely had he spoken, when news was brought that a huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The king arose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed, without ever tasting the wine.

NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.

The Last of Walker.

General Walker with the remnant of his band of outlaws has arrived at New Orleans. Reduced to the last extremity in Nicaragua, rather than fall into the hands of the Costa Ricans who would be likely to terminate his career with a halter, he fled for protection on board the United States sloop-of-war St. Mary's, lying in the harbor of San Juan del Sur. Captain Davis who commanded the sloop landed the remnant of the "Army of Liberation," consisting of 260 persons with their commander at Panama, from whence they came to Havana, and were thence transmitted to New Orleans by the steam ship Empire City. Though forced to be sent from hand to hand in this manner, it is remarkable to note the manner in which we are presented with the details. We give a specimen:

"General Walker capitulated on the 1st of May to Captain Davis, of the United States sloop-of-war St. Mary's, and with his staff and 260 men, the remains of his army, were brought to Panama by the St. Mary's.

"The Costa Ricans were not known in the articles of capitulation."

The last paragraph is the most laughable of the entire. Here we have a man flying with his life to avoid a speedy and well-merited punishment for murders and massacres innumerable, yet no sooner does he succeed in reaching a place of safety than his friends endeavor to dignify what in reality was a run for life, with the high-sounding phrase of "Capitulation."

That the officer to whom Walker surrendered considered him in any other light than that of a cut-throat and vagabond, may be gathered from the fact that, while at Panama, he and his gang were treated as prisoners, notwithstanding all this vain flourish about *capitulation*.

Now that this piratical conspiracy against the lives and liberty of the Nicaraguan population is brought to a close, what excuse can remain to those who for years past have, with the aid of lying reports and false misrepresentations, induced crowds of unthinking and credulous dupes to rush on their own destruction?

The following stricture on the character and career of this Freebooter is too good to be lost, coming as it does from one who upheld him for a lengthened period. When rogues begin quarrelling the honest portion not alone receive the stolen property, but have the pleasure of hearing what said rogues have to say of each other:

"After two years of unprofitable fillibustering in Central America, our notorious countryman, General Walker, has returned home, safe and sound, with a small remnant of his army, and a reputation considerably the worse for wear. He has ingloriously abandoned the field of his operations, after sacrificing a large amount of property and hundreds of lives; he has done a vast deal of mischief, without any compensating benefits to the country he has ravaged, or to those who trusted in his courage and sagacity. Considering the opportunities he enjoyed, the aid that was lavishly extended to him, and the good fortune that followed his career, his utter failure as a fillibuster is altogether disgraceful to him. There is one thing in which he has exhibited great tact, wonderful energy, and a discretion which amounts to genius, and that is in taking good care of himself. Though the greater part of his deluded followers have fallen victims to disease, to starvation, and the balls of the enemy, yet the General returns safe and sound, and in good condition to undertake another expedition. But the great difficulty will be for him to find followers hereafter; his career has not developed the qualities of a great leader, and, even though another such an opportunity should present itself as was opened to him in Nicaragua, he will never again find an army willing to enlist under his command."

The M'Intosh difficulty, which at one time threatened serious complications between England and New Granada, has been brought to a close by the New Granadian Government, giving to the English possession of a certain Island in the Bay of Panama.

It is estimated that of nearly 3,000 men recruited for Walker, fully one-third were killed, 700 deserted, 250 were discharged, the remainder, with the exception of 53, surrendered, or succeeded in making good their escape.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The French corvette Artemise, with her consort L'Agile, got under weigh, in Carrickfergus roadstead, and sailed for Iceland. The captain and officers of the Artemise entertained the Mayor and several of the Harbor Commissioners at dinner on board that vessel, and reciprocated the hospitalities offered them in the most elegant style, and with the most cordial good feeling. The following is a translation of the letter addressed to the Mayor by Captain Vernon, in reply to the invitation to the commander and officers of the Artemise, to a civic banquet in Belfast: "Captain Veron and the officers under his orders have the honor to thank the Mayor for the kind invitation which he has addressed to him in the name of the inhabitants of Belfast. It is out of Captain Veron's power to remain longer at this port, and consequently he cannot accept this new proof of sympathy. Captain Veron and his officers will never forget the brill.ant and cordial reception which has been given to them at Belfast, and they are happy to be in a position to tell in their own country how hospitality is practised in Ireland. On board the Armetise, of his Imperial Majesty's fleet, in the Lough of Belfast."—*Northern Whig.*

A public meeting of house carpenters and joiners was held at the Nelson Rooms, Belfast—Mr. Henry Robinson presiding. The large apartment was crowded by orderly and decent-looking workmen, and the whole proceedings were characterized by prudence and common sense. The first speaker was Mr. Francis M'Key who commented, in the course of his address, on the extraordinarily advanced state of prices of provisions, clothing, and shoes, when compared with the stationary condition of workmen's wages—especially of the journeymen carpenters and joiners in Belfast. They had, he said, to provide expensive tools, which other workmen had not to provide. They were rendered idle by the weather generally two months in the year, and yet their wages did not average more than eighteen or twenty shillings per week, This was lower than their fair value to their employers, and insufficient to support a wife and three or four children. He therefore moved, that the carpenters and joiners claim after a certain day, an advance of 2s. per week on their present wages. If this was refused, and they were compelled to strike, they would make a further claim of 2s. a week more. The most agreeable incident of the proceedings was the address of Mr. Samuel M'Cracken (an employer), who declared, that the demand of the journeymen carpenters and joiners was, under the circumstances, reasonable and just, and he was ready to comply with it. He would give the advance of 2s. with a hand and heart, and he believed no employer in Belfast who understood the case would refuse to comply with the request of the men; and when the men succeeded in obtaining an advance of 4s. a week, he would be glad to give the same. A vote of thanks to Mr. M'Cracken was carried by acclamation.—*Banner of Ulster.*

Carlow.

The remittances received from America since the month of February are exercising a great influence on emigration. Drafts for sums varying from £10 to £30 on the Provincial Bank, from Chicago, and other cities and towns of the United States, have been received almost weekly, and in consequence, parties who are in comfortable circumstances have already either left this neighborhood, or are preparing to join their friends in America. The exodus, we fear, is only in the commencement, notwithstanding the great demand in the labor market, and the high remuneration given to agricultural laborers. Farm servants of both sexes are rapidly vanishing from the country, and their aspect at railway stations from Carlow to Dublin presents a striking contrast to the famine-stricken appearance of the same class of emigrants a few years since. It is remarkable that the Irish of this class prefer the United States to Canada, governed, as it is, by British laws, and where labor is in demand. Whether this mania in favor of America arises from a desire to settle with their friends, or from some undefined notion of the "independence" people exercise in the "land of liberty," it is impossible to conjecture; but the fact is certain, that the destination of three-fourths of the emigrants this year is the United States. The more intelligent and independent classes prefer Australia, those especially who possess some capital, and a very large number of families are accordingly leaving this country for Melbourne this month. The question of emigration from a country rapidly advancing to prosperity presents to our view a social problem difficult of solution, unless we can trace it to some cause or causes hitherto inscrutable, especially as many agencies are employed at both sides of the Atlantic to check the movement.—*Sentinel.*

Cork.

Arrangements have been made with the landowners and ratepayers for increasing the guarantee of certain baronies in the county of Cork from three per cent. as authorized by parliament, to five per cent. on the cost of constructing the extension line of railway from Bandon to Bantry. The guarantee is to come into operation on the opening for traffic of the sections to Dunmanway, Clonakilty, and Skibbereen; but, unless the line be open for traffic throughout to Bantry within three years from the passing of the Amendment Act, the guarantee is to cease. The four districts giving the guarantee will be liable to a charge of 5d., 4d., 3d., and 1d. in the pound respectively, in case the traffic on the line should only pay the working expenses; but if it should yield 2 1-2 per cent. on the specified cost of the railway, the liability will only extend to half the above charges, and should it yield five per cent. the districts will have nothing to pay, and enjoy the advantages of railway communication.

The members of the Temperance Society of Millstreet are anxious to testify their gratitude to the gentlemen who have so creditably manifested their anxiety to promote the interests of society, and the advantages of moral influence, by liberally subscribing to the establishment of a library for intellectual and religious advancement, and with the hope that it may be the means of bringing many others over to their cause. They thank the Rev. J. O'Connor, C.C., for being the founder of their library and the temperance room, and whose pious zeal as an advocate of the glorious cause of temperance, has effected a universal reformation amongst all classes of our community. He has administered the pledge to upwards of 300 persons during his short time in Millstreet, and scarcely a day but ushers in another repentant bacchanalian, willing to increase our numbers. Hence scenes of violence and rioting have disappeared; his effecting entreaties and impressive sermons prevailing with the people by opening their hearts, perhaps, in some cases, long closed to the pure voice of religion.

A case of very great hardship was brought under the notice of the Clonakilty Board of Guardians. A poor man, a native of this county, who was employed for many years in a paper mill in England, received an injury from the machinery, which disabled him for some time from following his usual occupation. He was compelled in consequence to apply to the workhouse for relief, when the parish authorities made an order for his immediate transmission to Ireland. On his arrival in Cork he found it impossible to obtain employment, and had to make his way to Clonakilty, where he is now an inmate of the union workhouse. Another case of hardship came before the Board of Guardians some time since. A woman named Bridget Spillane applied for admission under the following circumstances: "She left this country in 1819, and went to London where she resided in the parish of Shoreditch up to 27th September last. She resided in England for thirty-seven years, when she was compelled from illnnss to resort to the Shoreditch workhouse for relief, where she remained eleven days. At the expiration of that time she was taken by the beadle before the magistrate in Worship street, in order to be transmitted to Ireland. The magistrates ordered that she should not be transmitted to Ireland, but sent back to the workhouse and taken proper care of. On the following day the board again brought her before the magistrates, and she was given in charge to be 'passed on' to Ireland. She was accordingly sent to Cork, and made her way to lonakilty where, having no relation or friend, she had to apply for admission to the workhouse."—*Constitution.*

At a meeting of the clergy of the Deanery of Kanturk, held on the 6th of May, 1857, The Very Rev. P. D. O'Regan, P.P., V.F., in the chair, The following resolutions were dopted: 1st. Resolved, That we adopt and approve of the establishment of a county club, to manage all matters connected with the future elections of this county. 2nd. Resolved, That we hold parochial meetings, for the purpose of selecting four laymen, who, with the parish priest and one curate, may represent the electors of the parish at the county club.

The clergymen of the Millstreet Deanery assembled in conference on the 5th May, the Very Rev. P. Fitzpatrick, P.P., in the chair. It was resolved—"That having approved of the formation of the county club, we hereby give in our adhesion and support to the furtherance of its objects."—*Examiner.*

Two failures in the corn trade were spoken of in the Conmercial Rooms. One mentioned was that of a merchant in a seaport town in this county, whose liabilities are set down at £12,000. It is expected the assets will realize some four or five shillings in the pound. The other stoppage was that of a gentleman in this city, whose liabilities are £700.—*Constitution.*

An inquest was held on the body of a man named Kirk, a carpenter, who was employed at Mr. Babington's building, near Monkstown. From the evidence it appeared that he overreached himself and fell "through the joists," a height of over 30 feet; he lived only a few hours after. Deceased was about 60 years of age, and left a widow. Verdict "accidental death."—*Commercial Courier.*

At a general meeting of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, Thomas G. French, Esq., was unanimously elected admiral.

Down.

On the night of Saturday, the 9th of May, the neighborhood near Lurgan was cast into great alarm from a report being raised that a man who was an inhabitant of the place, had been shot from the house of a man named Craney, and killed on the spot. The man who met so untimely an end was named Francis Mills, and had a family—a man of peaceable and industrious habits. An inquest was held on the body before Dr. Tyrrell, the county coroner. After the examination of several witnesses, the inquest was adjourned until Tuesday. In the meantime, four men, inhabitants of Craney's house, were committed to the Lurgan Bridewell, to await the further investigation, of a witness, whose testimony was considered very important, to the Newry Bridewell, there being no private accommodation for him at Lurgan. The circumstances which led to this unhappy tragedy are these: Some one of the working weavers in Craney's had a quarrel on the road, to which several collected on the night in question. The quarrel ended, and the men separated. A crowd of about thirty remained talking and disputing opposite Craney's—no violence, either by words or deeds, being offered to Craney or his house, when one of the party in Craney's deliberately opened the window, presented a gun under the sash, and fired it into the crowd, regardless on whom it took effect. On the gun being presented through the window, it was taken hold of by three persons outside, who, fearing the danger, endeavored to pull it out from the hands of the person who held it within, but did not succeed in doing so. The gun was fired, and the contents passed into the abdomen of its victim, who died almost immediately. It required no aim to be taken to effect its deadly purpose, as the assembled persons on the road opposite were only two or three yards distant. The case is the more lamentable as no cause was given for so terrible an act. It is gratifying to know party feeling had nothing to do with the matter. The parties assembled were of every denomination. The man killed was an Orangeman, as was the man who is the supposed murderer.—*Northern Whig.*

The Lord Lieutenant, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Londonderry, appointed Henry Savage, Esq., of Ardglass, a magistrate of the county Down.

Dublin.

The statue of O'Connell, designed by Hogan, and cast in bronze at Paris, is to be shipped at Havre for Dublin. It is to be exhibited here for a week or so, provided it does not interfere with the arrangement of the committee, which is, that the statue may be erected at Limerick on the "memorable 30th of May," the anniversary of the flagitious imprisonment of O'Connell on "the delusion, the mockery, and the snare" verdict, and the "Dublin packed jury, in 1844."

At the College street Police office, a little boy of about six years of age, named Patrick Murphy, was charged under the following circumstances: Sidney Pemberton, a young lad, with a bundle of books under his arm, stated that on that morning he was passing by the Bank, on his way to school at Brunswick street, when the prisoner, in company with three other boys, got round him, snapped his bread from him, and took away one of his books, which he afterwards offered to return to him if he would give him some bread in exchange. The prisoner stated he was hungry at the time, and eat the bread. Mr. Strong sentenced him to receive one dozen lashes and to be discharged.

Edward Meyers and John Ennis, two of those unfortunate characters who earn a few shillings per day by what is called "Scripture Reading," came before the magistrates to urge a complaint against Constable Kelly. Their charge was that the constable did not follow at their honors' heels about the town, take the benefit of their harangues, and oblige the crowd of little boys and girls who surrounded them to hear their offensive stuff decorously and in silence. The complaint was very properly dismissed, but even so, the case serves to show that these fellows have got entirely too much encouragement. The duty of the police should not be to dog them about, and insist on a hearing for them wherever they go, but to arrest them at once as disturbers of the public peace. There is no calculating the amount of mischief these brawling rogues have done to the honest and honorable character of our people. Converts they do not and cannot make. In short, they are a pest and a nuisance, and they ought to be and must be put down.—*Nation.*

Fermanagh.

A scene of a tragic character was enacted in the coach which runs from the railway station at Newbliss to this town, when on the way to Clones. It appears that Miss Tredennick, of Ballyshannon, with whom was Captain Colhoun, of the Donegal Militia, left Dublin together *en route* for the north, and having reached the terminus of the Dundalk Railway, at Newbliss, they engaged their seats for Ballyshannon per the Enniskillen coach—Miss Tredennick going inside, and the captain occupying the box seat. In the inside, along with Miss Tredennick, was a person named Wilson, who lives in Clones, and was returning to his residence. This man, it seems, drew a razor from his pocket, which he brandished about in a fearful manner before the young lady, who screamed out, and had to keep her menacing companion at bay very heroically with a basket which she had, providentially, at hand. Whether he actually made an attempt to cut her throat we have not heard; but the screams of the frightened fair one reached the ear of the captain outside, who lost no time in seeing what was the matter; and, as may be expected, great was his consternation to discover the position of the parties inside. After a good deal of trouble he succeeded in wresting the razor from the maniac, several cuts with the dangerous instrument on the arm attesting the intrepidity with which the captain rescued the lady from her perilous situation. On reaching Clones Wilson was consigned to the tender mercies of the police, and the captain had his wounds dressed.—*Mail.*

Galway.

One of those ebullitions of popular violence at present so unhappily prevalent, excited by the sale and exportation of potatoes, occurred at Oranmore. It appears that seven tons of potatoes were brought from the Clarenbridge side of the county in order to be transmitted, per train, to Mr. Hickey of Dublin. The potatoes had been purchased for Mr. Hickey, by a person named Marrice; and as disturbances were anticipated, fifty men of the 59th, stationed here, together with Mr. Fosberry, S. I., and ten of the constabulary of the Oranmore station, under the command of Messrs. J. B. Kernan, R.M., and Browne, J.P., escorted the buyer and his purchase, in order to protect him against apprehended violence. When they reached the village of Oranmore, they were attacked by nearly two hundred persons chiefly consisting of women, who pelted Marrice with stones, and in trying to protect him, one of the soldiers received a severe blow in the eye, and one of the police was cut in the side of the head. Nothing could exceed the fury of the exasperated multitude, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Marrice was rescued from their vengeance. Rescued, however, he eventually was, with the loss of an ear, and the potatoes were safely conveyed to the railway station. If these potato speculations continue, we very much fear that further scenes of violence, and, perhaps, bloodshed will ensue.—*Vindicator.*

The price of mutton in Galway market has reached so high a figure as to be equally puzzling and disagreeable to many a *pater-familias.* It is now 10d. a lb.—a price hitherto unknown in this locality.

Kildare.

The Naas Town Commissioners have received a very handsome sketch of the plan of a proposed town hall, to be erected in the centre of the main street of Naas. The building will be both ornamental and useful, and has been designed by John M'Curdy, Esq., of Dublin.—*Leinster Express.*

Kilkenny.

Mr. Henry Fitzsimons, son of T. P. Fitzsimons, Esq., proprietor of the Kilkenny Medical Hall, has just obtained a first honor in science, at the Trinity Term Examination of the Junior Freshman Class, in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Fitzsimons obtained also a science honor at the Hilary Term Examinations in last January. He was prepared for both these examinations by the eminent mathematician, Mr. Matthew Collins, A. B., senior Moderator and Gold Medallist of Trinity College, Dublin, and now of this city.—*Journal.*

The May meeting of the Kilkenny Archæological Society was held in the Assembly room—the Protestant Dean of Leighlin in the chair. Several new members were elected and various donations acknowledged. The principal paper read was one of local interest by Mr. Prim, *Kilkenny Moderator*, on "the Corporation insignia, and olden civic state of Kilkenny." The usual vote of thanks having been passed to the contributors and the chairman, the meeting adjourned to the first Wednesday of July.—*Ibid.*

Limerick.

The Limerick corporation for the past twelve months possess gas works of their own, which they purchased from the consumers' company of that city for £10,000. The corporation supply gas to the citizens at 5s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet. At the last

council meeting the balance sheet showing the expenditure and income of the gas works was read thus: "Receipts during the year, £4,260 17s. 5d.; expenditure, £2,953; leaving a balance in favor of the corporation and of the public of £1,307 17s. 5d." The corporation expect that they will soon be able to sell their gas, and make money too, for 5s. per 1,000.

The banquet in Rathkeale, to the Venerable Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P.P., has been postponed to the 11th of June, in consequence of Mr. Spooner's motion, for the withdrawal of the Grant to Maynooth, being fixed for the 21st May.

Longford.

The Lord Lieutenant, on the recommendation of Colonel White, lieutenant of the county, has appointed John Shuldham, Esq., Moigh House, Ballymahon, a deputy lieutenant of the county Longford.

Louth.

A young man about eighteen years of age, named Peter Hanlon, was found writhing in the agonies of death, on the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway, at no considerable distance from our local terminus. His legs were terribly shattered, and all but severed from his body. Several pedestrians travel along the line, and there can be little doubt (painful as it is to give credence to such fiendish humanity) but that some heartless spectators of the tragical sight passed on, and the first intelligence was given by some boys to three men coming from Ballybarrack, who communicated their information to headconstable Reilly, who saw Dr. Brunker within a few minutes after he had received the painful information. An inquest was held on the body before Richard Byrne, Esq., coroner, and an intelligent jury, who found the following verdict: "That the said Peter Hanlon, who was a discharged soldier of the 57th regiment, aged eighteen years, and in delicate health, and who appears to have been strolling about the neighborhood of Dundalk for some days back, died in Louth infirmary, on Sunday, the 10th inst., from the effects of injuries he received on the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway on the previous night, by the mail train passing over his legs; no blame can be attributed to the driver of the train, and we are of opinion that the railway company ought to keep a night watchman on that portion of the line within one mile of the Dundalk station."—*Newry Examiner.*

Mr. Fortesque, the member for Louth, has been appointed to the office of Assistant Colonial Secretary, *vice* Mr. Ball, who, it is said, has been appointed Governor of Malta. This rumor is very generally believed in the clubs.

A meeting of the Louth Club was held lately, and a proposition made to have it dissolved, and a new body formed in its place, with the view of having a more powerful organization in the county.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Mayo.

A melancholy accident occurred in Castlebar recently. A young man named M'Cormack some months since opened a bakery and grocery establishment in the main street. The oven was situate in the dwelling house, and it appears that some bogwood for heating it was left by the men near it when quitting work in the evening. During the night this wood ignited, and about four o'clock in the morning the flames extended to the roof, and the house was burned to the ground. Unfortunately a girl and two children could not be rescued, and they were burned to death, their remains being found in the ruins. There is no fire engine in the town, and no town of its size ought to be without one.

Sligo.

A petition will be lodged against the return of Sir Robert Gore Booth and Mr. Cooper. Should the petition be tried, we will be greatly astonished, indeed, if the present members retain their seats. There can be no question but that the petition against the return of Mr. Somers will be prosecuted.—*Champion.*

Tipperary.

Master Murphy has fixed the 20th May for making a call of £250 a share on the unfortunate shareholders of the Tipperary Bank.

Waterford.

The shop of Mr. P. W. Fitzgerald, a respectable grocer and spirit dealer in the Square, Dungarvan, was entered and robbed of the sum of £35 in bank notes and a large quantity of silver, amount not known, which had been received during the day. Entrance was effected after midnight when all the family had retired to rest, by scaling a high wall which leads to the rear of Mr. Fitzgerald's house, and then to the kitchen, from whence they forced their way to the shop by breaking a lock with a poker. The nocturnal ruffians, when they had accomplished their destructive work, removed the bar from the shop door, took their departure, and though the police have since been vigilant, no clue has been got of the burglars.—*News.*

Messrs. Anderson and Jones, of Cork, having leased or purchased the Waterford Gas Works, have this week appeared before two meetings of the corporation, and expressed to them their willingness to make an abatement of five per cent. on the present prices of gas in this city. We believe they also proposed to light Ballybricken at their own expense, the corporation undertaking to pay for the lamps as for the other lamps of the city; and also, to allow a draw back of some £200 a year paid by the corporation for lighting the city in summer. The corporation, however, came to no definite conclusion on the matter, but they are, it appears, to meet again before long with the new contractors.—*News.*

A little boy two years and a half old, belonging to Mr. Hely, boot and shoemaker, Quay, Waterford, came to his death under the following circumstances: It appears the child wanted a drink, and went for that purpose to a kettle that was on the side of the fire, and drank some of the boiling water in it, burning his throat in a fearful manner, which resulted in death.

Westmeath.

The petition of Captain Handcock, against the return of Mr. John Ennis, member for Athlone, was lodged with the proper officer in London for presentation to Parliament. A second petition against the return, and on like grounds—bribery and treating at the late election—from two electors of the borough, was signed, and the securities perfected before L. Dundas, Esq., Auburn, and forwarded.—*Independent.*

Wexford.

A night mail coach between Wexford and Dublin has been substituted for the "Irish jaunting car," to which the cheese-paring authorities of the Post-office reduced it this time past, to the great inconvenience of the general public, and so contrary to the progressive spirit of the age—*Independent.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

April 28, at the Catholic Church, Marlborough street, Dublin, by the Rev. Mr. Power, R.C.C., Mr. Michael Joseph Lillis, Kilrush, to Mary Jane, only daughter of John Shackfield Spenser, Esq., Manchester.

In the Church of St. Andrew, Westland row, by the Rev. William Mulhall, Captain John Cortes, Helen, of Whitehaven, to Matilda, daughter of the late John Malone, Esq., of Dublin.

May 12, at St. Peter's Church, Edward John Day, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. Edward Day, Rector of Sligo, to Eliza Mary Tharp, daughter of the late Robert Holmes, Esq., Collector of Customs, Island of Jamaica.

May 5, at Donnybrook Church, the Rev. Frederick Dobbin, of Bandon, to Rebecca, daughter of Francis Low, of Merrion Castle, county Dublin.

May 6, at Trinity Church, Stepney, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Williams, of Dublin, to Minna, daughter of William Dickson Hagart, Esq.

May 6, at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, Edward Holshaw, Esq., of Legetsrath, in the county of Kilkenny, to Louisa Cornelia, daughter of Abraham Devonshier, Esq., of Kilshannick, county Cork.

February 12, at St. Paul's, Geelong, by the Venerable the Archdeacon, Alfred, third son of Wm. Scurry, of Belgrave place, Belgrave square, London, Esq., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Robert Nassau Gibton, of Dublin, Esq.

May 14, at Peter's Church, by the Rev. R. Ritchie, J. J. Van Dereide, Esq., eldest son of M. Cornelius Van Dereide, of Antwerp, to Mary Jane, youngest daughter of the late William Whitsitt, Esq., of Lower, Mount street, Dublin.

May 13, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Mr. Henry Withrington, merchant, Carrickmacross, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Whitley, Enniskillen.

DEATHS.

April 25, at 19 St. Patrick's square, Edinburgh, after a short illness, Eliza, relict of John Collis, Esq., of Grangemore House, county Kildare.

May 6, at Marino Crescent, of consumption, Miss Anne Jane Leach, aged 40 years, the niece of N. J. O'Neill, Esq., crown solicitor for the county Antrim.

May 7, in Peter street, Dublin, Mr. Augustus Tighe, aged 21 years.

May 12, at Wellington street, Mary Teresa, the eldest and beloved child of James Redmond.

May 11, at 18 Charlemont place, William Arthur, youngest son of Mr. Roger Horner.

May 10, at Claremont Cottage, Glasnevin, of a protracted illness, Catherine Maria Josephine, wife of Edward Hely, of Lower Ormond quay, in the 34th year of her age.

May 9, in Lower Mountpleasant avenue, Alice, relict of John Hanly, Esq.

May 12, at Eccles street, Mr. Frances Stewart, widow of Abraham Stewart, at an advanced age.

May 7, of water on the brain, John Lawrence M. Mathews, aged three years and eleven months, only child of Thomas Mathews, Esq., Islington avenue, Kingstown.

May 5, at the Royal School, Enniskillen, Meade Denis, son of Loftus A. Bryan, Esq., 27 Pembroke road, Dublin.

At Ballincollig, Selina Moore Hodder, the last surviving daughter of the late Colonel Hodder, of Hodersfield.

At Bayview, Berehaven Mines, Margaret, wife of Mr. Langer Carey, of Cork, aged 65 years.

May 6, at Riverview, Blackrock, Richard Wood, Esq., late of the city of Cork.

At Montenette, Cork, Mr. Thomas Galwey, in his 30th year.

May 11, at 3 Grosvenor place, Rathgar, Eliza Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. Thomas Carter, and daughter of Mr. Wm. Fitzsimons, of Enniskillen.

May 10, at his residence in the town of Roscommon, Mr. Michael Greally, aged 68 years, deservedly regretted by his numerous friends and acquaintances.

January 25, at Bushire, Persia, aged 19 years, Joseph Francis, youngest son of Patrick Dowdall, Esq., proprietor of the *Newry Examiner.*

May 9, at Portarlington, in his 82d year, Mr. John M. Moore, for nearly sixty years a respectable trader in that town.

May 9, at the residence of his son, Woodlawn, county Kildare, John Wolseley, Esq., M.D., aged 84.

May 12, at her residence, Thomas street, Cork, Anne, the beloved wife of Mr. Gibbs R. Dyer.

May 7, in Dublin, of disease of the heart, Charles H. [illegible] Esq., [illegible] of Ballyhaise, Mayo. His [illegible] made a vacuum in the literary world that [illegible] be [illegible] easily.

May 2, at Kilmainham, in the county Cavan, at the age of 18 years, Belinda, the youngest daughter of the late William Sheridan, Esq., of Killeshandra.

At Cameron Lodge, Patrick Joseph, son of Mr. Thos. Kelly.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Mission in Dundalk.—The good Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul are performing wonders in Dundalk. We never saw such an immense assemblage in Saint Patrick's Church as was crammed within its walls on Sunday evening week. There could not have been less than 10,000 persons present. And the immense congregation heard with solemn attention a powerful discourse on the awful crime of impurity, so detested by Almighty God. When the angels sinned God did not regret that he had made them. When Adam transgressed, God did not express a regret that he had made him. When Cain slew his brother Abel, and committed the terrible crime of murder, God did not say he regretted that he had made man. But all flesh had corrupted its way, when the sin of impurity had blackened the soul of man, God regretted that he had made him, and he opened the floodgates of heaven and destroyed mankind from the face of the earth, except the eight persons who were preserved in the ark. And Sodom and Gomorrah received a terrible judgment for the self same sin, for God rained down fire and brimstone and consumed them. Since Sunday we have had sermons on the death of an unrepenting sinner, on the suffering of the damned in hell, and on other important subjects. Well, indeed, may the Catholic Church feel proud of the labors of the Rev. Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul.—*Dunkalk Democrat.*

The Reemtorist Fathers.—The above holy Missionaries commenced the renewal in the parochial church of Ramsgrange on Saturday, the 25th April, and finished it on Tuesday, the 5th May. In consequence of the fewness of the Fothers in Limerick, only three came. As our readers are familiar with the wonderful effects produced by the pious labors of these saintly priests, we need not occupy them with any detailed description of this mission. The large church was constantly crowded during the renewal with the good people of the parish, receiving the holy sacraments of penance and the Blessed Eucharist, and great numbers from the surrounding parishes came to listen with breathless attention to the Apostolic sermons of the Fathers.—*Wexford People.*

Reception. — The interesting religious ceremony of the reception of a nun took place in the Ursuline Convent, at Waterford. The postulant on the occasion was Miss Mary Hyland, youngest daughter of the late Lawrence Hyland, Esq., of Castleblunden, in this county. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, officiated, and the reception was attended by an unusual number of Catholic clergymen.—*Kilkenney Journal.*

For some years past, the Catholics of Lancaster have been contemplating the erection of a spacious and handsome church, the present chapel being totally inadequate for the accommodation of the Catholic population. Ten years ago a site was procured, and up to the present time about £10,000 having been contributed towards the erection by members of the congregation alone, it was determined at once to proceed with the building. Plans have been accordingly prepared by Mr. Paley, architect, and contracts entered into by various tradesmen for the execution of the works, estimated to cost £12,000 or £13,000.

The following changes have been made among his clergy by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Galway: The Very Rev. B. J. Roche, P.P., from Bohermore to Oranmore. Rev. L. Leonard, to be parish priest of Bohermore. Rev. Mr. Goode, to the curacy of Rahoon, vice Rev. P. Cullen, who has been appointed R.C.C. of Castlegar. Rev. Mr. Phew, to the curacy of Oughterard, vice Rev. Mr. Davoran, who succeeds the Rev. Mr. Leonard.—*Tuam Herald.*

Rev. Michael Dungan, P.P., Blanchardstown, thankfully acknowledges the receipt of £50 from the representatives of the late John Martin, Esq., Merrion square, for the poor schools of the parish.

The usual ceremonies of the month of May have been carried on in the cathedral church of Tuam every evening since the 1st instant. A large congregation attends.—*Ibid.*

Benediction of the Corner Stone of the Church at St. Lambert.—On Monday, 25th May, pursuant to notice, this pleasing ceremony took place in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, including the Hon. M. Chauvean, M. J. Viger, a large body of our Montreal Clergy, and the most distinguished of our citizens. His Lordship Mgr. Tache, officiated, the Bishop of Montreal having been detained in town by urgent business; and it was estimated that at least 1,200 visitors were present.—*True Witness.*

Mgr. Tache delivered an eloquent discourse in the Parish Church, in favor of the foreign missions; a handsome collection was the result. On the Feast of the Holy Trinity he will preach at the Cathedral; and we believe that our Irish friends will shortly have the pleasure of listening to this illustrious orator in St. Patrick's Church.—*Ibid.*

There were forty-six persons confirmed after Pontifical Vespers, in the church of Reading, on Ascension Day. A procession, composed of the Rev. Pastor, and sanctuary boys, school children, societies, and a military company met the Archbishop three-quarters of a mile from the church. The procession, as all such processions are, was conducted in an orderly and edifying manner.

In the afternoon, there were forty-four confirmed in St. Stephen's church, Hamilton, and three bells, for which the sponsors, as they are called, had generously contributed four hundred dollars, were solemnly consecrated.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

EUROPEAN LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

— A magnificent edition of the *Imitation of Christ* has lately been published in Paris. Besides the intrinsic merit of this admirable book itself, "which," says an elegant writer "had no model and will have no imitators," this edition is of the highest interest to antiquaries, scholars, and men of letters, as well as to all lovers of the beautiful in art. The work contains the finest specimens of the manuscripts of the Middle Ages. It is a compendium of the most rare and curious works of the past; each page is surrounded by those beautifully executed figures, those curious and graceful ornaments which the copyist of those days, spent his life in tracing. Every century, from the eighth to the seventeenth is represented, and the most celebrated books of bygone times have contributed to its adornment. The most ancient manuscript represented is the book of *Gospels* of Charlemagne himself; and the next the Gospel of Saint Medard de Soissons. The ninth century is represented by the book of Charles the Bald, on which so many monarchs have sworn at Saint Denis. To the same century also belong the *Gospels* of Francis II.; the *Sacramentary*, written by Dragon, one of Charlemagne's sons. Of the tenth century we find the *Benedictionnaire de l'archeveque Robert*, which was employed at the coronation of the Anglo Saxon Kings, and which after the Conquest, Ethelgard, Archbishop of Canterbury, locked up with devout care in Newminster Abbey. The twelfth century gives the Bible of Saint Martial de Limoges, which is the completest exponent of art in that age. The mysteries of the creation are borrowed from the ornaments of a Bible of the 13th century. Specimens of art in the 14th century are taken from a copy of St. Augustin's City of God, and from the Voyage of Marco Paulo. Some of the most admirable of its ornaments are taken from a magnificently decorated *Psalter*, which was painted by order of Jean Duc de Berri. The *Petrarch* of the Vatican, the *Petrarch* of the Library of the Louvre, the *Prayer book* of Anne, Queen of Brittany, the *Antiphonary of the Chapel of Louis XII.*, the *Breviary of the good King Rene* the four *Commentaries* of St. Thomas, *Fouquet's Anciennetes des Juifs*, the *Ritual of Lodi*, and a number of *Missals*; *Antiphonaries, Offices of the Virgin*, &c., represent the 15th century. The sixteenth century gives us Marshal de Montmorency's Prayer book, that of the great Henry IV., of the Duc de Guise, of Louis XIV., and a number of other celebrated books. This edition of the *Imitation of Christ* is certainly the most remarkable publication of the present century and is a perfect encyclopedia of art.

— The first translation of Robinson Crusoe has been bought lately by the British Museum, and it is believed to be the only existing copy. It is a German translation, printed at Frankfort, in 1720, a year after the publication of the original in England. The title is: *The life and wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe, an Englishman who was cast away on a desert Island at the mouth of the river Orinoco in South America.* At the end of the book is a glossary, and it contains six well executed engravings.

— At a recent meeting of the Scientific Societies of the departments in France, Mr. Poey spoke of the phenomena produced by lightning on the persons it strikes. The most extraordinary of these are its photographic effects. On the breasts of its victims have often been found the image of a tree, cross, or other object in the neighborhood of the person stricken.

— The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne has presented to the Chapel of the Capuchins, a painting of great merit, the work of her own pencil. The subject is the Death of St. Joseph. The critics speak highly of the picture as a work of art.

— Among the collection of works belonging to Madame la Marechale Lannes was a manuscript Aristotle, dating from the 16th century, and having belonged to Jehan de Berry.

— The Dowager Empress of Russia has presented to Mr. Mello, Author of the *Intellectual History of Russia*, a ring of great value, as a mark of her satisfaction.

— The next two numbers of Lamartine's *Course of Literature* will treat of Italian Literature, and especially of Dante's three great poems.

ANTIQUITIES OF ASKEATON.

The opening of a portion of the railway, now in process of completion between Limerick and Foynes, has been taken advantage of by a correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*, who has sent to that journal an accurate and well-written description of the town of Askeaton, with all its early accociations. Askeaton is in the county of Limerick, and in the centre of a district fruitful in soil, and celebrated in every portion of the early and mediæval history of the Island.

"Such as we approach it from a railway station, which is but a short half-mile from the town, Askeaton presents a peculiar appearance—the walls of the abbey and the battlements of the castle of the Desmonds being mingled in strange fellowship with such modern structures as Mr. Russell's mills and the chimneys of his kilns. The town is built in a deep hollow, at the head of the estuary of the River Deel, and close to the small cataract from which the place takes its name; the name in Irish being Eas —Gevthine, from *Eas*, a waterfall, and Gevthine, the name of an ancient Irish chieftain. The River Deel, which is one of the tributaries of the Shannon, takes its name, as some other small rivers in Ireland do, from the Irish word for a serpent, indicating the serpentine character of its course, and it is navigable for small craft to the quays of Askeaton, the tide flowing close up to the foot of the waterfall. This town was one of the principal strongholds of the Earls of Desmond, and at a more recent period returned two members to the Irish parliament; but none of the ancient towns of the county of Limerick has since fallen so completely to decay. One angle of Desmond's Castle still rises to its full height, towering menacingly above the ancient bridge, and giving the spectator some faint idea of the proud feudal grandeur of which it once could boast. While the other Castles of Desmond, or South Munster, were for the most part erected to garrison and protect the country, this one was evidently intended not more for defence than as one of the chief residences of its princely owners, and its crumbled walls, which tell a fearful story of civil war, still cover nearly the whole of the small rocky islet in the Deel on which it stood. It was on the 3d of April, 1580, that Sir George Carew arrived before the Castle of Askeaton. Only a few days previously the siege of Carrigafoyle ended in the total destruction of that famous castle of the Desmond's situated near the mouth of the Shannon, in Kerry. The towers of Carrigafoyle soon toppled from the foundation, and buried their brave garrison in the ruins; and the news of this disaster striking terror into the hearts of Desmond's people, although not into his own, it was resolved to demolish and abandon his two remaining castles of Ballinloughane and Askeaton. The former of these was, accordingly, effectively destroyed before Carew could come up; but the dismantling of Askeaton Castle was not so easy a task, and when Queen Elizabeth's troops arrived at its walls were still erect, and its garrison marched out in the night, leaving a train of gunpowder, by which, however, they only succeeded in blowing up a portion of the inner works. Desmond was now left without one castle of all his strongholds in Munster; and three years after, during which interval the unfortunate earl was hunted from place to place, he was murdered in a cabin in Kerry, and his head sent to London, when it was exposed on a spike on London bridge. He was, strictly speaking, the last of the earls, for all his vast estates were confiscated and given to undertakers from the English Pale. His only son, James, had been committed by his mother to the tender care of Queen Elizabeth, partly from motives of policy and partly as a hostage, and was educated a Protestant; and many years after his unfortunate father's death the young man was sent to Ireland by the Queen for the purpose of bringing over the population by the influence of his name; but as it was discovered that he had abandoned the religion of his fathers, the people who had flocked around him with acclamations when he made his appearance at Kilmallock left him with contempt, and he returned to London, where he died in obscurity, leaving no heir.

"The Old Abbey is by far the most important and interesting in its present state of the antiquities of Askeaton, being one of the most perfect and beautiful of the ancient monastic remains which tell us of the religious splendor of ancient Ireland. It was founded A.D. 1420 by James, the 7th Earl of Desmond, for conventual Franciscans, and seventy years later it was brought under the more rigid rule of the Observatine branch of the order. A provincial chapter was held there in 1554, when, considering the state of affairs at that time in these countries, and the progress of religious perception, the suppression of monasteries, &c., we may easily guess the anxious and important nature of the Franciscan Fathers' deliberations. In 1579 it was pillaged and burned by the English soldiers of Capt. Malby, who sought to provoke the garrison of the neighboring castle to a conflict, even before the unhappy Earl Gerald had at all declared for the insurrection, and while he was looking on from his window at the outrages of lawless soldiery. The abbey is in the purest style of the Gothic. Its cloister, which is nearly quite perfect, is singularly beautiful, the arches being supported by clustered columns. It contains some curious pieces of ancient sculpture, and the numerous arches and columns of the abbey church present several beautiful points of view. Here was the burial place of the Desmonds, and there are also some other interesting tombs; but it would require whole columns to describe in detail the objects of interest within this venerable pile.

"Among the other objects of interest in Askeaton are the ruins of the Castle Chapel, still in a wonderful state of preservation, and evincing exquisite taste in its proportions; an old brick building of the last or preceding century occupying part of the site of the castle, and called the Club-house; and some ruins consisting of the back of a tower, and a gable, evidently belonging to the ancient parish church, although set down in Fraser's Handbook as the remains of a Commandary of Knights Templars. The site of this old building is now chiefly occupied by the new Protestant church, a tame sort of a structure. The parish chapel is a large new building, on an eminence at the opposite side of the town, where it was erected after the destruction of the old chapel, a few years ago, in a conflagration of one of Mr. Russell's mills, which stood near it.

"A few miles from Askeaton, to the southwest, are the ruins of the famous castle of Shanid, whence the Geraldines of Desmond took their war cry of 'Shanid aboo!' It occupies the summit of a cone shaped hill, and is seen from a vast distance all round, with the sky for a back-ground. As described in the beautiful verses of Gerald Griffin:

"'High in Shanagolden vale,
The hill of Shanid views the plains around;
A solitary cone, it meets the gale,
Like warrior helm'd, with threat'ning turret crowned.
Steep tapering upward from the rushy ground,
A stately peak it stands.'

"But some account of this, and of other objects of antiquarian interest in the neighborhood, I shall reserve for a future communication."

THE COMET.

[*From the Civilta Cattolica.*]

Though real comets are scarce in the heavens, it is wonderful to listen to the endless rumors, discourses, and suppositions about those bodies, and the terrors into which numbers are thrown by the idea that our earth is to come into contact with them, and suffer heaven knows what disaster. These fears have ere now more than once agitated the world—that they are renewed at present proves that this century contains as many fools as any preceding one to these tremblers. We say astronomers have reason to look on as probable the return of the great comet which appeared in 1556, and which seemed so fatal to Charles V.; it is thought to be the same that was seen in 1264, and perhaps identical with the one the Chinese annals refer to in 975 and 683. Its periodical return would thus appear to take place every third century, and if such be its real periods its reappearance amongst us cannot be far off.

The Astronomer Hind, in 1844, indicated its return as probable in 1845 or 1848—but as 1848 passed and the comet did not come, he gave it breathing time for a few years more, and placed its re-appearance between August, 1856, and August, 1860; therefore M. Bourene of Mitchelbourg, in Zealand, to whom Hind submitted his revelations, fixed on the 2nd of August, 1858, but with an ample margin of two years before or after. Some, therefore, expect it on the 3rd of June, 1857; others on the 13th; but any day, according to others, during the present year or the three succeeding ones is equally probable.

But whether the comet pleases to return or stay away one thing is certain, that the foreboders of terror and destruction have not the slightest foundation for their fears. In the first place, it is very rare that the orbit of a comet crosses that of the earth, and infinitely improbable that the earth and the comet should meet in the same point of their orbit; in the second place, even should they meet, the comet could not in any way injure our globe much less dash it to pieces, the actual substance of the comet being very attenuated, enormous though the volume may be to which it unfolds its train.

Among the extraordinary devices now resorted to by some of the fashionable stores in Paris to attract customers, is that of offering to any one who will buy over three dollars' worth of goods, the purchaser's photographic likeness gratis.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The English Parliament.—The number of members in the House of Lords is 452, consisting of 26 English and 4 Irish Bishops; 23 Dukes (including 3 of the Blood Royal); 21 Marquises; 110 Earls; 23 Viscounts; 203 Barons; 16 Representative Scotch Peers; and 28 Representative Irish Peers. The House of Commons has 654 members. Every member must have attained the age of 21, and every member for a county must possess, for his own benefit, £600 a year, of real or personal property; the qualification for a city or borough member being half that amount. But the members for Scotland and the Universities require no qualification. The following is a summary of the representation in the Commons:—*Members for Counties*—England, 144; Wales, 15; Scotland, 30; Ireland, 64. *Boroughs*—England, 299; Wales, 14; Scotland, 23; Ireland, 39. *The Universities*—England, 4; Ireland, 2. The privileges of a member are quite desirable for unfortunate speculators. Against Hudson, the great English railroad man, there are unsatisfied judgments of over £100,000 standing on the dockets. He was a candidate for Parliament at the recent election, and on nomination day the Sheriff's officer actually seized him at the hustings, but it was decided that he was protected from arrest by being a candidate. The constable kept a sharp watch at the state of the polls so as to nab him if he proved unsuccessful; but he was elected, and laughs at the bailiff's and the laws.

The Smallest Monarchy in the World.—This is reputed to the territory of the Prince of Monaco, on the Mediterranean, in the Western Riviera of Genoa. It extends about five miles along the coast, and inland about three miles. The present Prince of Monaco is supposed also to be a descendant of Louis XIV. He is a peer of France, and generally resides in Paris; his principality being garrisoned by the King of Sardinia. The Prince draws from his little estate a revenue of about £12,000 per annum, half of which supplies the charges on administration, the others being spent by the Prince in Paris. The number of subjects is about six thousand.

The Red Hand on French Clocks.—Time is telegraphed along the railway lines of France to each station from the Paris Observatory. A plan has lately been adopted of having two minute-hands in each station clock—one red, one black. The black one shows the railroad time, the red the local time—differing from a minute to half an hour. Thus, at Paris the hands are identical. A hundred and fifty miles east, the red hand is ten minutes in advance of the black one. A hundred and fifty miles west, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. By this simple plan, common mistakes are prevented. As the two hands are fixed on one shaft, it is as easy to regulate both as one.

Lent in Oxford.—An Oxford correspondent of the *Union*, a new religious journal of Puseyite principles, states that in Oxford the practice of abstinence on Wednesdays and Fridays has been yearly on the increase, and that in the late Lent "all the junior members in residence" absented themselves in one hall on those days "until it was understood that meat would not be served."

The Import Trade of Liverpool—The approximate value of goods free of duty imported to this port during the quarter ended the 31st of March, was £11,799,100 against £9,335,152 during the corresponding period of 1856, being an extraordinary increase during the first quarter of the present year of £2,463,948.

An important work is now in course of publication at Gratz. It is a complete history of the literature of the Austrian empire, and contains notices of from sixty to seventy thousand works. There are two hundred alone on the origin and rise of the House of Hapsburg. The author, Dr. Schmidt, has visited all the important public and private libraries of the kingdom, to make this valuable history as complete as possible. The first volume, which alone has as yet appeared, reaches down to the time of Charles the Fifth, and the second volume, which is shortly expected, is to commence with his reign.

The Museum in Nuremberg has received a valuable addition to its treasures in the library of Dr. Wilhelmi, of Sinsheim, in Baden. This learned man was for many years the President of the Historical Society in Baden; he died on the 8th of April and bequeathed his entire collection of books to the National German Museum. It is to be deposited in a separate apartment, to be called the "Wilhelmi Library," and consists almost exclusively of works relating to German antiquities.—*Literary Gazette.*

A St. Petersburgh letter in the new *Gazette of Prussia*, says that when the Emperor Nicholas visited England he announced his intention of giving annually the sum of £500 sterling to purchase a silver cup to be run for at the Ascott races, and the sum was given each year up to the year 1853. The Emperor Alexander has now decided that it shall no longer be given, and that the cup intended for 1854 shall be run at the races which are to take place this year at Moscow.

Let us respect the majesty of time; let us contemplate with veneration the ages which have rolled past, rendered sacred by the memory and the remains of our ancestors; but let us not attempt to retrograde towards them, for they contain nothing in harmony with our real nature, and if we attempt to arrest them, they will vanish from our grasp.—*Chateaubriand.*

Count Pisani, of Venice, has just been fined 700,000 swanzigiers (16 sous each), by the Austrian government, for having disposed to the British government of "The Tent Darius," one of the best productions of Paul Verones. This sum represents double the price paid by the latter to the Count. The fine is justified by the law which prohibits the exportation of objects of art from Italy, and which was first brought into practice by the Grand Duke of Tuscany.—*Genoa Letter.*

A statue of Grattan was taken into St. Stephen's Hall of the new house of parliament, for the purpose of being raised upon a pedestal set apart for it, next to that of Chatham, and directly opposite to that of Fox. There are now ten statues in the hall on pedestals, and two pedestals still vacant at the western end of the hall.

A short time ago Meyerbeer married his only daughter to a Prussian colonel, and gave her, as a marriage portion, not £2,000 a year, nor a landed estate, but simply the copyright of "Robert le Diable" and "L'Africaine." The former, it is asserted, is worth to the composer's representative £280 per night.—*Illustrated News.*

A correspondent, writing from Vienna, says, that while visiting Jenny Lind in Dresden, he found her in the full enjoyment of domestic life. She has a fine boy three and a half years old. Her voice is as excellent as ever, and I am glad, says the correspondent, to be able to say that we have at least a chance of hearing her again in the United States.

The King of Prussia went to hear a new tragedy, but getting tired at its trashiness, he quitted the box. On entering the saloon, he saw a lacquey sitting on a chair, with his chin resting on his breast, and in a profound slumber. Turning to one of his attendants, the King remarked, "I'm sure that fellow has been listening at the door!"

The electric wires from Manchester carried the other day an order from Mr. Agnew to buy Mr. Millais's smaller picture, in the approaching Royal Academy Exhibition, for a thousand guineas. Wires from London said it was worth that amount, and Mr. Agnew, without seeing the picture, replied, "Buy, and sign a check for the amount."—*Illustrated London News.*

An official journal, published in Moscow, states that an American company has been formed for constructing 200,000 versts of railway, on the frontier of China, to Siberia. No guarantee is demanded, but grants of land on both sides of the railway, and the permission to establish 100 colonies.

During the celebration of divine service in the Church of Domeyrat, (Haute Loire,) lately, the principle pillar of the gallery broke, and the gallery fell in. A scene of frightful confusion ensued, and about thirty persons in the gallery were more or less injured. A peasant was crushed to death.

A gentleman, named Hall, committed suicide, in London, by shooting himself. He tied a piece of twine to the trigger, and pulled it with his foot. He was subject to *delirium tremens*, and he also labored under the delusion that he was believed to have once been charged with some heinous offence.

The return of the Liverpool emigration officers for the month of April show an increase of 10,694 persons who have left that port as compared with the returns in the corresponding month last year, the entire number having been 25,837, against 15,143 in April, 1856.

Le Nord says Queen Victoria is advised, through Lord Cowley, to send an invitation to the Grand Duke Constantine; in consequence of which his Highness, in the course of his voyage from Cherburg, is going to visit her Majesty.

The *Uuivers* states that the Roman Catholic clergy have completely triumphed over the Radicals in the general election of the canton of St. Gale.

Punch suggests, in anticipation of the titles to be bestowed upon the Queen's Physician, Mr. Locock, that he be dubbed Lord Deliverus.

A Liverpool publican has been fined £5 and costs for permitting cock-fighting in his house.

Some Account of China.—In view of the important events now transpiring at and near Canton, between the English and the Celestial Empire, some accounts may not be uninteresting. China is the most populous and ancient city in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 2,000,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life are found in China. The arts and manufactures, in many branches, are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue, $20,000,000. Army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Buddhism, the chief God being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher who was born 550 years B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called "Hong merchants."

SIEGE OF YORKTOWN AND SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

General Lincoln had the honor, on the night of the 6th of October, of opening the first parallel before Yorktown. It was within six hundred yards of the enemy; nearly two miles in extent, and the foundations were laid for two redoubts. He had under him a large detachment of French and American troops, and the work was conducted with such silence and secresy in a night of extreme darkness, that the enemy were not aware of it until daylight. A severe cannonade was then opened from the fortifications; but the men were under cover and continued working; the greatest emulation and zeal and good will prevailing between the officers and soldiers of the allied armies thus engaged.

By the afternoon of the 9th the parallel was completed, and two or three batteries were ready to fire upon the town. "General Washington put the match to the first gun," says an observer who was present; "a furious discharge of cannon and mortars immediately followed, and Earl Cornwallis received his first salutation."

Governor Nelson, who had so nobly pledged his own property to raise funds for the public service, gave another proof of his self-sacrificing patriotism on this occasion. He was asked which part of the town could be most effectively cannonaded. He pointed to a large handsome house on a rising ground as the probable headquarters of the enemy. It proved to be his own.

The governor had an uncle in the town, very old and afflicted with the gout. He had been for thirty years secretary under the royal colonial government, and was still called Mr. Secretary Nelson. He had taken no part in the Revolution, unfitted perhaps for the struggle, by his advanced age and infirmities; and had remained in Yorktown when taken possession of by the English, not having any personal enmity to apprehend from them. He had two sons in Washington's army, who now were in the utmost alarm for his safety. At their request Washington sent in a flag desiring that their father might be permitted to leave the place. "I was a witness," writes the Count de Chastellux in his Memoirs, "of the cruel anxiety of one of those young men, as he kept his eyes fixed upon the gate of the town by which the flag would come out. It seemed as if he were awaiting his own sentence in the reply that was to be received. Lord Cornwallis had not the inhumanity to refuse so just a request."

The appearance of the venerable secretary, his stately person, noble countenance and gray hairs, commanded respect and veneration. "I can never recall without emotion," writes the susceptible count, "his arrival at the headquarters of General Washington. He was seated, his attack of the gout still continuing, and while we stood around him he related with a serene visage, what had been the effect of our batteries."

His house had received some of the first shots; one of his negroes had been killed, and the head quarters of Lord Cornwallis had been so battered that he had been driven out of them.

The cannonade was kept up almost incessantly for three or four days from the batteries above-mentioned, and from three others managed by the French. "Being in the trenches every other night and day," writes an observer already quoted, "I have a fine opportunity of witnessing the sublime and stupendous scene which is continually exhibiting. The bombshells from the besiegers and the besieged are incessantly crossing each other's path in the air. They are clearly visible in the form of a black ball in the day, but in the night they appear like a fiery meteor with a blazing tail, most beautifully brilliant, ascending majestically from the mortar to a certain altitude, and gradually descending to the spot where they are destined to execute their work of destruction. When a shell falls it whirls round, burrows and excavates the earth to a considerable extent, and, bursting, makes dreadful havoc around." "Some of our shells, over-reaching the town, are seen to fall into the river, and, bursting, throw up columns of water like the spouting monsters of the deep."

The half-finished works of the enemy suffered severely, the guns were dismounted or silenced, and many men killed. The red-hot shot from the French batteries northwest of the town reached the English shipping. The Charon, a forty-four gun ship, and three large transports were set on fire by them. The flames ran up the rigging to the tops of the masts. The conflagration, seen in the darkness of the night, with the accompanying flash and thundering of cannon, and soaring and bursting of shells; and the tremendous explosions of the ships, all presented a scene of mingled magnificence and horror.

On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened by the Baron Steuben's division within three hundred yards of the works. The British now made new embrazures, and for two or three days kept up a galling fire upon those at work. The latter were still more annoyed by the flanking fire of two redoubts, three hundred yards in front of the British works. As they enfiladed the entrenchments, and were supposed also to command the communication between Yorktown and Gloucester, it was resolved to storm them both, on the night of the 14th; the one nearest the river by a detachment of Americans commanded by Lafayette; the other by a French detachment led by the Baron de Viomenil. The Grenadiers of the regiment of Gatinais were to be at the head of the French detachment. This regiment had been forced out of that of Auvergne, of which De Rochambeau had been colonel, and which, by its brave and honorable conduct had won the appellation of the regiment *D'Auvergne sans tache*, (Auvergne without a stain.) When De Rochambeau assigned the Gatinais Grenadiers their post in the attack, he addressed to them a few soldier-like words. "My lads, I have need of you this night, and hope you will not forget that we have served together in that brave regiment of Auvergne sans tache." They instantly replied that if he would promise to get their old name restored to them they would sacrifice themselves to the last man. The promise was given.

In the arrangements for the American assault, Lafayette had given the honor of leading the advance to his own Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat. This instantly touched the military pride of Hamilton, who exclaimed against it as an unjust preference, it being his tour of duty. The Marquis excused himself by alleging that the arrangement had been sanctioned by the Commander-in-Chief, and could not be changed by him. Hamilton forthwith made a spirited appeal by letter to Washington. The latter, who was ignorant of the circumstances of the case, sent for the Marquis, and, finding that it really was Hamilton's tour of duty, directed that he should be reinstated in it, which was done. It was therefore arranged that Colonel Gimat's battalion should lead the van and be followed by that of Hamilton, and that the latter should command the whole advanced corps.

About eight o'clock in the evening, rockets were sent up as signals for the simultaneous attacks. Hamilton, to his great joy, led the advance of the Americans. The men, without waiting for the sappers to demolish the *abatis* in regular style, pushed them aside, or pulled them down with their hands, and scrambled over, like rough bush fighters. Hamilton was the first to mount the parapet, placing one foot on the shoulder of a soldier, who knelt on one knee for the purpose. The men mounted after him. Not a musket was fired. The redoubt was carried at the point of the bayonet. The loss of the Americans was one sergeant and eight privates killed, seven officers and twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The loss of the enemy was eight killed and seventeen taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major Campbell, who had commanded the redoubt. A New Hampshire captain would have taken his life in revenge of the death of his favorite Colonel Scammel, but Colonel Hamilton prevented him. Not a man was killed after he ceased to resist.

The French stormed the other redoubt, which was more strongly garrisoned, with equal gallantry, but less precipitation. They proceeded according to rule. The soldiers paused while the sappers removed the *abatis*, during which time they were exposed to a destructive fire, and lost more men than did the Americans in their headlong attack. As the Baron de Viomenil, who led the party, was thus waiting, Major Barbour, Lafayette's aide-de-camp, came through the tremendous fire of the enemy, with a message from the marquis, letting him know that he was in his redoubt, and wished to know where the barron was. "Tell the marquis," replied the latter, "that I am not in mine, but will be in it in five minutes."

The abatis being removed, the troops rushed to the assault. The Chevalier de Lameth, Lafayette's adjutant-general, was the first to mount the parapet, and received a volley at arms' length from the Hessians who manned it. Shot through both knees he fell back into the ditch, and was conveyed away under the care of his friend, the Count de Dumas. The Count de Deuxponts, leading on the royal grenadiers of the same name, was likewise wounded.

The grenadiers of the Gatinais regiment remembered the promise of De Rochambeau, and fought with true Gallic fire. One third of them were slain, and among them Captain de Sirenil, a valiant officer of chasseurs; but the regiment by its bravery on this occassion regained from the king its proud name of the *Royal Auvergne*.

Washington was an intensely excited spectator of these assaults, on the result of which so much depended. He had dismounted, given his horse to a servant, and taken his stand in the grand batterry with Generals Knox and Lincoln and their staffs. The risk he ran of a chance shot, while watching the attack through an embrasure, made those about him uneasy. One of his aides-de-camp ventured to observe that the situation was very much exposed. "If you think so," replied he gravely, "you are at liberty to step back."

Shortly afterwards a musket ball struck the cannon in the embrasure, rolled along it and fell at his feet. General Knox grasped his arm. "My dear general," exclaimed he, "we can't spare you yet." "It is a spent ball," replied Washington quietly; "no harm is done."

When all was over and the redoubts were taken, he drew a long breath, and turning to Knox observed, "The work is done, *and well done!*" Then called to his servant, "William, bring me my horse."—*Washington Irving.*

CHURCH BURNING.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn the Unitarian Church, on Central Hill, Somerville. The fire was set in a small room under the pulpit, but no other damage was done than burning a couple of pew cushions, and badly smoking some portion of the building. Five years ago, a church was burned down on the same spot, the work of an incendiary.

THAT "CAPITULATION."

We were perfectly correct when we gave it as our opinion that all the bluster about Capitulation, on the part of the piratical Walker and his associates, was nothing but the merest nonsense; got up with a view of concealing the real state of things and deceiving the unitiated. The truth, whole and entire, will come to the surface presently. Here is a portion of it:

"Until we get Captain Davis's own account, it is impossible exactly to make out the share which that American commander had in the capitulation of Walker. The representation given by the fillibusters would seem rather difficult to reconcile with that view of his own duty and instructions which this same Captain Davis took, in a letter of his published some time ago, addressed to the commander of the Nicaraguan forces, *refusing* to interfere to prevent the landing of fillibusters from San Francisco at San Juan del Sur. If it was contrary to his orders to interfere to prevent their landing, how happened it that, consistently with those orders, he could interfere to help them off?

"It is plain enough, however, with all the blustering of Henningsen and Walker about having capitulated to Davis and not to the Costa Ricans, that the capitulation was in substance to the Allies; and the fact that the name of the Allied General was not signed to the capitulation is explained by the statement of a gentleman who arrived in the city by the Illinois, and who came direct from General Mora's camp. He states that General Mora refused to degrade Central America by signing his name to a paper to which Walker was a party, and previously he refused to have an interview with Henningsen during the negotiations with Captain Davis, because he looked upon him as a bandit chief. It is evident that the fillibusters owed their lives to the anxiety of the Central Americans to put an end at once to the war, and the disposition, which, on the whole, perhaps, was a wise one, to let Walker and Henningsen escape with necks unstretched, rather than protract the contest for the mere privilege of hanging them.

"Over the exact share borne by the notorious Titus in this affair, as well as over Capt. Davis's part in it, some doubt also hangs. According to one account, Titus deserted three or four days before the surrender. According to his own account, this alleged desertion was only a visit to Captain Davis to prevail on him to interfere to save Walker's life.—*Morning Paper of Saturday.*

FAST LIVING.

The papers from all quarters of the country presage a general crash, which they affirm to be impending over the principal cities of the Union. This they attribute to various causes, such as fine houses and expensive living. From a number of articles on this subject, we extract the following from the *Daily Pennsylvanian* of the 28th of May, and which appears to us quite pertinent to the subject:

"No impartial observer can be ignorant of the fact, that something like a general crash is pending over our leading commercial cities. Extravagance, reckless, wild and unlimited, prevails everywhere, and the malady is incurable. Fine houses, in this city, and fine only, are barely fine enough for the 'from-hand-to-mouth;' the spirit of the times demand something else. A new house, to bring a good rent, must be a palace fronted with sandstone, or else renewed with fine white marble. The interior must embrace all the late improvements, such as heaters, ranges, water closets, bath, hot and cold water in every room, dumb-waiters, and, if we are not mistaken in the last improvements, a carriage house, stable, and granary. The kitchen must have a sitting-room and parlor attached, and a scolding trumpet must extend from the ladies sitting room to that of the servants below; and cradles must rock by springs, like those of a clock.

"To ape the rich, the poor pitch into the same high notions, and the machinery of society is likely to be destroyed by its own velocity. We called at the house of a whitewasher the other day, in view of house-cleaning time, and were told to send our card up to the gentleman's room. Worse than that, the gentleman after calling and viewing our premises, said his foreman had gone to the country. Among the rich nothing is fine enough. Two years ago, a country seat and city palace for summer and winter use, were considered enough, but we now hear of spring and autumnal retreats, in addition. This must have an end, and then for widow's tears. We are not young, but we expect to see many a dashing lady weep over a sewing machine before we die. There are tears which command no sympathy, and tears which do. When distress supervenes upon misfortune, the kind have alms, but when it results from that emptiest of all follies, 'stuck up' pride, the kindest have the least. The worst feature of a grand tumble in pecuniary affairs, is the death of all the men; ladies never die from distress, they become indurated and live upon the recollection of deceased grandeur. A man will sink when he has no more money to buy fine shawls; but a woman will live upon the very idea of fine ones."

If the above be a faithful picture of things in the hitherto staid city of "brotherly love," we wonder what our cotemporary would think of matters in Gotham.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, TO THE COSTA RICANS.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—The war is ended. Beloved peace comes back to us with the conquerors of fillibusterism. We have long striven, with union and constancy, for the most holy rights. God has given us the victory.

There are no longer fillibusters in Central America. The few hundred of them that exist, unarmed and surrendered, are under the sanctity of our protection and clemency.

Delivered from her proud invaders, Nicaragua is restored to existence under the entire will of her children. May the Supreme Being inspire and protect them! Until her complete organization, our faithful allies of Guatemala, San Salvador and Honduras will remain in the interior, whilst our garrisons guard the steamers and forts on the line extending from the mouth of the great lake to the bay of San Juan on the Atlantic.

Costa Rica will never patronize fratricidal parties or vandal usurpers. She will exact guarantees of Central American peace, integrity and union; she will endeavor to extinguish that revolting spirit, which has been the greatest of our enemies, that the legally constituted authorities may be sustained, and in every case she will perform her national duty.

Let us remain armed. Let us fortify ourselves more and more, so as to meet the future with confidence.

Already our brethren are being restored to their families, to their peaceful firesides, which they have so well known how to defend.

Sons of the capital, of Cartago, Heredia, Alajuela, Liberia and Punta Arena! sons of the whole republic! come together and join yourselves to me that we may receive them as they deserve. I count upon your generosity, your good citizenship, your spontaneous contributions, to pay, without delay, those braves who have so heroically earned their pay. Let us all prepare our tribute to succor the necessities, to smooth the sufferings, to reward the virtues of those noble sons of the country who have sacrificed everything to their venerated altars. May our prosperous Union never be altered, and may its example be imitated every time that it becomes necessary to fight for the honor and independence of Costa Rica.

JUAN R. MORA.

SAN JOSE, May 8. 1857.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE AGE.—Prices have risen from twenty-five to thirty per cent. within the past two or three years, and from all appearances it seems that there is no prospect of a diminution. The hotel keepers, acting upon the state of their books, have held a meeting and agreed to raise their prices from $2 50 to $3 a day. No doubt the advance is justified by the increase in the market value of rents, meat, vegetables, groceries and labor.

We must expect that the advance will be general. It will not be confined to hotels, but will spread through every class of society, and every sphere of labor. Every person who consumes, that is to say, every person living, will be affected by the advance in the value of articles of consumption, and will be required to increase his annual income, or deprive himself of some necessaries or luxuries. Thus the tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, printers, hatmakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, glaziers, plumbers, and mechanics and laborers of every class and kind must be expected to strike shortly for higher wages. It cannot be supposed that these men will bear, alone, the increased burthen of the enhanced cost of necessaries; they will insist upon sharing it with their employers, and the latter, however unwilling, will be obliged to yield.

Meanwhile the West is every day becoming insolvent, and the crash which the present high prices foreshadow is slowly approaching us.—*Morning Paper.*

THE BAY ISLANDS.—If the report from Panama of the cession by the New-Granadian Government to the English of the islands in the Bay of Panama, in payment of the Macintosh claim, is true, the government of that country have certainly stolen a march upon us. Among the other blustering and unreasonable demands of our envoy Mr. Morse, was the cession of these very islands to us in part satisfaction for the Panama Riot. In danger of losing them at all events, and much preferring, for obvious reasons enough, to have them in the hands of the English than of us, they have availed themselves of the opportunity of the Macintosh claim to kill two birds with one stone—to settle a longpending quarrel which the English were threatening to push to extremity, and to prevent the islands from falling into our hands. The statements, by the way, of Lord Palmerston in the British House of Commons, that our government had disclaimed "any desire to occupy or take possession of any portion of the territory of New-Granada," does not seem to tally exactly with Mr. Morse's demand for the cession of those islands.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In excavating for a cellar for Gov. Grimes' new house at Burlington, Iowa, the workmen came upon an arched vault some ten feet square, which, on being opened, was found to contain eight human skeletons of gigantic proportions. The skeletons are in a state of preservation, and are the largest human remains ever found, being a little over eight feet long.

PROSPECTUS.

NEW YORK TABLET.

Having purchased the proprietary right of Messrs. McGee & Mitchell in the AMERICAN CELT newspaper, the first number of the NEW YORK TABLET will be issued on the 6th of June, from the office over our store, 164 William street, in folio form, and printed on fine paper. It will contain fourteen pages of reading matter, embracing:

ORIGINAL and SELECTED STORIES and SKETCHES, illustrated and otherwise;

A CAREFULLY COMPILED RECORD OF IRISH, BRITISH, and CONTINENTAL AFFAIRS;

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, AMERICAN and FOREIGN;

A MISCELLANY OF CORRESPONDENCE, HOME NEWS, POETRY, ANECDOTE, &c., and

EDITORIALS, on all current topics of interest to the general class of readers.

The Editorial department will be conducted by

BERNARD DORAN KILLIAN.

Original Tales, Articles and Sketches, will appear weekly from

MRS. JAMES SADLIER,

AND

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

In announcing the NEW YORK TABLET it is hardly necessary to say that we intend to make it *a new paper*. While we trust it will prove itself worthy of the continued patronage of the CELT'S subscribers, it is not our wish to recur to former controversies, happily, and we hope forever, ended.

In POLITICS, the TABLET will avoid all party alliances, and speak plainly of men and measures when occasion requires it.

In the discussion of SOCIAL QUESTIONS—inevitable in every country and pre-eminently at home on a Continent like this—it will be courteous and conciliatory, desiring rather to propagate its own views than to excite the opposition of those who may be disposed to differ with it.

It will oppose STATE CHARITIES controlled by sectarian influences, as unjust in their administration, and pernicious in their tendencies.

It will resist STATE INTERFERENCE in the matter of Church Government, as unconstitutional in itself, and subversive of the most sacred rights of property and conscience.

And it will uphold the Christian idea—largely imperilled as it is—that the Child is the subject of the Parent, until it attains an age when its moral character comes under its own control, and is no longer determined by early impressions.

In all questions of importance, the TABLET will be found devoted to the interests of the Immigrant.

Together with these general aims and objects, the conductors of the TABLET, incited by the example of their cotemporaries, will endeavor to quicken the desire, and elevate the taste, for reading, among its patrons. To attain this end the most scrupulous care will be taken that no matter calculated to impair the one, or vitiate the other, shall find admittance to its columns, while no expense will be spared to make it a PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY VISITOR.

To guard against misapprehension it may be well to add, that the NEW YORK TABLET will merely speak for its conductors, who are convinced that a newspaper truly such, must mainly succeed or fail on its own merits and enterprize.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

Terms:

Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance.....$2 50
Served by Carrier..... 3 00
Two Copies (to one address).....$4 00
Single Copies.....6 cents.

☞ U. S. Postage added to Canadian and Old Country Subscribers.

☞ Subscribers who have paid in advance for the CELT will be served to the expiration of their term with the TABLET.

*** All Letters and Communications, after the 1st of June, should be addressed to, "the NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William street, New York.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership hitherto existing under the title of McGee and Mitchell was, on this day, by mutual agreement, desolved.

T. D. McGEE.
J. MITCHELL.

May 18th, 1857.

DEBTS DUE THE "AMERICAN CELT."—Mr. Mitchell will visit the former subscribers of the *American Celt* in Albany, Troy, Lansingburg and adjacent towns, next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—U. S. Subscribers to the *New Era*, have to pay their own postage, as the existing postal arrangements do not allow it to be prepaid in Canada.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We invite correspondence from every part of the country, on matters of interest to our readers. After we get over the crush of a first and second number we will devote a page to it.

THE FLUTE OF LACEDÆMON,

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

The Lacedæmonians usually advanced to action by the sound of the flute.—*Eschenburg's Manuel of Classical Literature.*

Not with the clangor loud and long,
Of cymbal and of drum.
Not with the tempest burst of song,
Does Lacedæmon come
But dulcet warblings of the flute
Announce the steady tread,
Of those who, mightiest in pursuit,
By iron souls are led.

You might suppose they wished to lull
An infant to its rest,
A serenade so beautiful,
Would charm a maiden's breast.
And yet that prelude soft as dew,
Was droppings of a shower,
Which to maddening whirlwind grew,
Ere fled a single hour.

Oh! Lacedæmon's olden band,
Thy flutes of silver sound,
Teach me, however firm my stand,
Upon life's battle ground,
However resolute the blow
I deal in pressing on,
My inmost spirit should but know
A quiet undertone.

With gentle words but iron blows,
The conflict should proceed,
And when the cadence purest flows
More sterling prove the deed,
Collected nerve and steady brow,
An aim and purpose high,
May all redeem our manhood's vow
'Mid bursts of melody.

Toledo blade, if wreathed in flowers,
Has not an edge more keen,
Than if aloft the spectre towers,
In all its fearful sheen.
They act the truest and the best,
Their arrows farthest shoot,
Who bring or bear the Grecian's test,
And fight behind the flute.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, '57.

THE NEW YORK TABLET.

ACCORDING to the statement in our Prospectus we present to our readers to-day the first number of the NEW YORK TABLET. Of its merits, if it have any, they are the best judges. For its defects we have this apology, that many of them are the result of the sudden change from the *Celt*, and will be corrected as it grows older.

We feel a special pride in referring to our contributors. Mrs. Sadlier's and Dr. McIlheran's pens may be traced in this issue. The gifted authoress is telling over the first chapter in the story of "Elinor Preston," while the Dr. is employed in the characteristic work of scotching the Saxons. Next week Mr. McGee will picture to us the Irish Brigade in the service of France—that brigade which at Ramillies, Cremona, Valency, and Barcelona, attracted the admiration of all Europe and made Irish character on the Continent a synonym for whatever is high and chivalrous, in peace or war. Others, whose names we are not permitted to make public will introduce themselves in a few weeks by a series of Literary and Biographical Sketches. Then, there is our Paris Correspondent, whose first letter will arrive in the next mail, and fully justify, we doubt not, the high opinion we have formed of his industry and intelligence. We repeat, we feel a special pride in our contributors, for they form a corps of talent which it would be difficult to match.

For ourselves, we have no programme to lay down, and no pledges to give. It is now nearly five years since we became connected with the press of America, and during that time we have learned that a writer on the portion of it to which we are attached, should promise little, for the simple reason that he can *do* little. It is the misfortune of the body of which we are a member to stand in the shadow of public opinion, and to have, practically, only the child's weapon—the capacity for crying. If it were as powerful as it is numerous, if it were as united as it ought to be in seeking its own advancement, then, indeed, we might feel justified in laying down a path of policy for our conduct. But it is not; and all we can do is to refer the reader to our Prospectus in another column, make the most of our circumstances, and register, before-hand, in extenuation of any shortcomings, the often-perverted plea of "good intentions."

B. D. K.

WILLIAM WALKER, LATE OF NICARAGUA.

WE never wrote a line with greater pleasure than this which tells the reader that William Walker is a refugee from Nicaragua,—a foiled freebooter indebted for his life to a flag he dishonored. If we have one regret to express it is, that we have so far degenerated from a right conception of international and statute law, as to allow him to walk the streets of New Orleans unmolested; while we put burglars in prison and swing murderers from the gallows.

About two years ago this man sailed from San Francisco with sixty or seventy companions, a press, and a piece of bunting, for Nicaragua. Two native factions were cutting each other's throats in that devoted country at the time, and taking advantage of their quarrel he threw himself and his "liberators" into the wavering scale of faction, decided the contest, elevated Patricio Rivas to the Presidency, and dubbed himself Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic. A few months developed his intentions. He recruited a numerous force in these cities and on the Pacific Coast, which was consigned to him from time to time, like so much merchandize, by interested speculators. As he grew stronger he became bolder. Gen. Corral, a distinguished native soldier, alarmed at the proceedings of his former ally, expressed his fears to his compatriots, was detected by an intercepted letter, and—shot. Other Nicaraguians, connected with the Rivas administration, warned by Corral's fate, gradually withdrew from the Capital to save their lives, and in a few weeks the press which had been brought from San Francisco for the purpose announced that "Don Patrico Rivas was off bag and baggage," and that Gen. Walker was duly elected (by himself) President of Nicaragua.

From the hour when this mock election took place to the 1st of last month, when he put his foot on the deck of the United States Sloop-of-War *St. Mary's*, his history is a compilation of high-handed outrages on the institutions of the country and the feelings and property of its inhabitants, larded here and there with shootings under the miserable pretext of military law, and battles in which he always got worsted. He abolished the flag of the country, the five volcanoes, and substituted, after the example of Lopez and Houston, the "lone star." He abrogated the old Spanish Law prohibiting slavery or the slave trade. He declared the Republic an integral part of the United States. He demanded from the Vicar Capitular that he should make dissoluble the sacred tie of marriage and authorize polygamy. And when the Costa Ricans, taking pity on the helpless inhabitants, made war upon him, he abandoned Leon, was hunted from Minauga, from Massaya, from Granada, and lastly, took to sea, preserving the dramatic unity of his conduct by showing that he placed more reliance in his heels than in his head. But he left his mark behind him in pludered homes, smoking cities, dishonored women, rifled churches, and in six thousand stark corpses whose mute tongues will find a voice in history when his apologists and their apologies are forgotten.

In the defeat of Walker we see at least the temporary postponement of three disastrous results which would have flowed from his success. His policy from the beginning was to Anglo-Saxonize Nicaragua, to Africanize it, and to secularize its Church property. The members of his sham government were mostly American gaol birds, who preferred a high temperature and a slack executive to the uncomfortable restraints of a colder climate. More than two-thirds of his army were Americans, the remainder being natives forced to serve against their will. By the abolition of the law against Slavery and the Slave trade he evidently intended to make San Juan a rival, of Bahia and Cardenas in the importation of Africans. The taking of "the gold Jesuses" from the Cathedral of Granada, and the attempt to abolish the Sacrament of marriage, leave his views on the liberty of the national Church beyond a doubt. In the cession of the Panama islands to Great Britain, the peace which has followed on Gen. Mora's address, the proposed reconstruction of the Central American Confederacy initiated by the Chamber of Deputies of San Salvador, we behold the defeat, for the time being, of all these schemes against the peace, prosperity and religious freedom of Nicaragua. Is it too much to suppose that, with England at the door and the confederated family of Spanish Americans in the inside, she may yet rise to a position which will secure her alike from the rapacity of ambitious sons and northern invaders? The die is in her own hands, and she would seem to deserve extinction if it turns up a blank.

ARE WE REPRESENTED?

UNDER a liberal Govenment a numerous class, defined by religious ideas or peculiar customs, should be represented according to their numbers. This is said to be a liberal Government; the Catholics of the United States are upwards of three millions strong, where are their representatives?

Do you point to Chief Justice Taney? Catholics had no voice in his election, and he is simply a venerable relic handed down for his intrinsic value to the bigoted present from a more liberal era. Do you refer us to the few gentlemen in Congress and State Legislatures who eat fish on Friday, make commonplace defences of Catholicity once a year or so from a party stand point, and throw their votes whenever called on for the transfer of Church property out of the Canonical channels? You can't be serious! Those gentlemen may represent their political constituents, but they know or care no more of Christian Politics than the man in the moon. Plainly and simply to state it, as a body of citizens, Catholics have no fitting spokesman in our National or State Governments, and it is high time that they should familiarize themselves with the fact and do something to remedy it.

Catholics of a certain intellectual stature will not stoop to undergo the initiation process which is the "Open Sesame" to a political career, and those who do can seldom be trusted to the extent of their ability which is small indeed. If we wish to have a fair share in the political, as in the social life of this great nation—if we hope to have ourselves felt or respected beyond the rims of city ballot-boxes—if we would do ever so little to show how right principles might remove knarls in our Federal politics and give a Christian tone to our legislation we will not rest satisfied until we have at least ONE MAN whom we can point to emphatically as the contingent of the Catholic body to the representative intellect of the country. We must disregard party ties to gratify even this small ambition and the sooner we begin the better.

"THE NEW ERA."

The first number of Mr. McGee's new paper—and the only one that has come to hand—is got out in fine style. The type is good, the paper good, and the contents, such as might be expected from a pen which has seen long service on both sides of the Atlantic. To the estimation in which it is held in Montreal, Mr. Clarke, of the *True Witness*, bears graceful testimony:

"The first two numbers of Mr. McGee's new paper—the *New Era*—are before us; and by their appearance promise well for its future prosperity. To say that its articles evince first-rate ability, would be but a scant measure of justice to one who has earned for himself a position inferior to that of no journalist in this Continent; and when we add that the type is from Mr. Palsgrave's establishment, we have said all that is needful to be said respecting its outward appearance. We sincerely hope that the *New Era* may be the means of effecting much good amongst those for whose use it has been started; and of cementing that union which, for the interests of both, should alpays exist between our Irish and French Canadian population. He who labors for this end, will not have labored in vain."

Joseph Brennan died in New Orleans on the 27th ult. He was a man of acknowledged talent.

CATHOLIC INTERESTS IN CHINA.

The concessions granted to the French Government by the Chinese authorities, and the manner in which they have been received in France, indicate that a new effort is about to be made on a large scale to recover the ground lost by the Catholic Church in the "Flowery Kingdom." Judging from what French zeal has accomplished in Africa, India, and Oceanica, we can hardly exaggerate the results which the same zeal now fairly turned into a tempting channel may effect among a people everyway superior to the Kaffers of the Cape, or the Hauwaians of Honolulu.

The two leading causes of the ill-success of Catholic Missionary projects in China have always been, the suspicion with which every movement from without has been looked upon by the Chinese Government, and the indifference of the Chinese themselves to every form of religion. M. Huc, whose two volumes of Travels are the best key to the history of Christianity in Eastern Asia, states that "all Christians are regarded as the creatures of European Governments," and that religious sensibility is so entirely withered or dead within the Chinese that they care not a straw whether a doctrine be true or false, good or bad," but in the five years since he wrote these sentences changes have occurred which lead the conductors of the "Annals of the Propagation" to hold more hopeful language in relation to the prospects of a well-sustained attack upon both the prejudice of the Government, and the apathy of the people. Such an attack France is now opening in earnest, and it remains to be seen whether the blood of the Martyrs has been shed in vain.

CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.—An important article appears in the London *Rambler* for May, urging on English Catholics the expediency of availing themselves of Government aid in the erection and improvement of school-premises for poor children. The writer confesses that he finds himself at variance with the opinion of Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, but adduces the high example of Cardinal Wiseman, and the Bishops of Salford, Sheffield, Beverly, Liverpool, Hexham, Newport and Shewsbury in support of his views. With this array of authority he treats the question as an open one. He shows that the children now attending Catholic Schools instead of numbering as they ought to do, one *eighth* of the entire Catholic body number less than one *twenty-fourth*, or in other words, that 74,000 who ought to attend such, stay away; that many of the schools in operation have no fixed methods of teaching or organization, while others are built upon confined back sites, without light, ventilation, or drainage; that, to increase the attendance of poor children, old schools must be repaired and new ones built; and that, supposing the building fund collected per annum to be $50,000, Government grants, if accepted, would double this sum and enable English Catholics to build twenty new schools every year, instead of ten, without, in the least, affecting the freedom from State control, which now distinguishes schools erected on the basis of a charitable contribution. Without presuming to decide for others, and after a judicious canvass of the difficulties in the way—such as the appointment of school-committees and the recognitions *in principle* of the State as a *promoter* of education—he closes his able article by submitting it to the consideration of the Catholic body.

The merits of a question like this can only be treated knowingly in England and finally by the proper authorities, yet, when we consider that the vast majority of those interested in its solution are of Irish birth or parentage, that the Church in a Protestant country loses less of the opulent than of the middle class and more of the poor than of either, that perhaps the leavening of the whole nation ultimately depends upon the faithfulness of Irish exiles and the children of Irish exiles to their Church and its teachings, we cannot but fervently hope that it will be desiced for the best.

THAT POLICE LAW.—New York, for the past two months, has been moved to its centre by the discussion of the Police Law for 1857, which was intended to vest the power of appointing our Police Force in a Board of Commissioners. As the Republican Party are in the majority in Albany, and as this is a right Democratic City, the question was soon turned into the following form: "Shall the Republicans of the rural districts appoint policemen to look after Democratic lives and property, or shall they not?" "No," said Tammany Hall—"No," said the Meeting in the Park, and forthwith every citizen who takes an interest in the government of our city ranged himself under his party banner and prepared for the worst. On the one side were the Commissioners with their supporters out of office. On the other stood Fernando Wood, the majority of the City Officials, and a motley mass of people, who felt indignant at what they called State "usurpation," and were determined to sustain their municipal rights. From back stairs caucases, into the papers the quarrel went, and from these latter into the Supreme Court for the City and County of New York, which decided on the 25th ult. that *the Act in question was not repugnant to the Constitution.*" That decision settles the matter for the present between Democrats and Republicans, and it must stand until reversed. The Board of Commissioners are the only legal body having charge of the Police Force, and it behooves Mayor Wood and all who takes part with him to treat it as such.

For our own part we would prefer that the control of the City Police should rest in the hands of the City Authorities; but Law is Law, and those who are elected by the people to execute it, should not be the judges of its validity either before or after a competent Court has decided upon it. If a State Court think fit to reverse the opinion of the City and County Court, so much the better; but until it does so no good citizen can regard Major Wood's opposition as anything else than factious and improper.

PLUCK AND PRINCIPLE.—"Pluck" takes captive the American imagination. Get out a patent for a useless nostrum—risk your own and all the capital you can borrow in advertising it—every body will praise and admire you for your "Pluck." Enter into a legitimate business, make extravagant speculations, break down, give twenty cents on the dollar, and set up again as an honest man—everybody will point to you as an illustration of "Pluck." In short, "Pluck" is a cardinal virtue which is sure to attract favorable attention in proportion as it is shown; and he who has it and hides it from the community conspires against his own popularity. If we were asked which, "Principle" or "Pluck" determines public opinion in America in the greater degree, we would answer, the latter, without a moment's hesitation, and we refer with confidence to the comments of the press on Spanish-American character, during the next few weeks as an evidence of our correctness. If the sudden execution of Colonel Crabb and his companions by the Mexican authorities in Sonora, and the expulsion of Walker from Nicaragua by the Costa Ricans, have not the effect of elevating the Spanish-Americans in Anglo-American eyes we are at fault. If they have, our opinion will be confirmed. Watch the papers.

UTAH. — Brigham Young is carrying things with a high hand in Utah. Accounts from Great Salt Lake to the 15th of April state that great excitement prevailed there. The Saints had commenced the work of expelling the Genfiles. Judge Stiles, the United States Marshal, the Surveyor, and a large number of others, had left the Territory, fearing their lives were in danger. If the news is to be credited, the issue between the Mormon leaders and the government is fully made up, and Gen. Harney and his troops will not reach Utah a moment too so to begin the play of Retaliation.

RIOTING IN WASHINGTON!

TEN KILLED AND MANY WOUNDED.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. Y. TABLET.]

WASHINGTON, JUNE 2, 1857.

During the municipal election yesterday, scenes of riot and bloodshed to a fatal extent, occurred at several of the precincts. For a week past fears had been expressed by the most sensible portion of the community that those things would occur. But the leaders of the Know-Nothing party, both in and out of the city corporation, lulled the suspicions of these persons by declaring that there was nothing of the kind to be apprehended; even in the Board of Common Council, a week since, when the Mayor called for powers to embody a special police force in case it should be wanted, the Know-Nothing majority refused to grant him them. From all that we now know and have witnessed during the riot yesterday, a preconcerted plan was laid and acted upon by the Know-Nothings, to import a horde of vagabonds from Baltimore, to intimidate and drive from the polls those opposed to them. A citizen and lawyer by profession, who has hitherto stood high in the estimation of the public, as well as several others, methodist preachers and pillars of that sect, are supposed to be *particeps crimini* to those unlawful proceedings; but, as direct proof is hard to get, we cannot name the parties who are thus suspected. When the Mayor found it was impossible for the peaceable citizens to deposit their votes, he called on the Presidentfor the marines to protect them, which was immediately granted. I met this force of about a hundred men on Pennsylvania Avenue, on their way to the City Hall, preceded by about one hundred "Plug Uglies," and their confreres here, with a brass swivel, hooting at and defying the marine corps. While the latter proceeded to report themselves to the Mayor for duty, the rioters, with the field-piece, went up Seventh-street to the Northern Liberties Market, and planted it in front of that building. The military, accompanied by the Mayor, the Marshall, District Attorney, and a posse of police, followed soon after, and drew up in line fronting the Know Nothing battery. I was in front of the line at this time, when a section of the marine corps from the right, was ordered to charge on the rioters, and take the piece. When in the act of doing so it was fired on by them, and one or two were wounded. Orders were then given to fire on the mob, which were instantly obeyed, but in a very irregular way, like a *feu de joie*, and evidently on the part of the troops, to do as little harm as possible, for I took especial notice of the way in which they fired, which was with their pieces mostly elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees; and, as a proof of this fact, I need barely state the circumstance, that "Mercury," of the *Baltimore Sun*, received a ball through his hat, tearing away a part of his scalp directly over the forehead, while taking notes from a two story window close by. I have a flattened ball in my possession, which graced my leg after striking the pavement; while around and before me persons dropped, either killed or severely wounded. Had the troops fired horizontally, and directed their pieces on the crowds that retreated from the field piece, not less than thirty or forty of the Baltimore vagadonds, would have deservedly paid the penalty of their vile conduct; whereas, as in all similar emutes, the innocent, to a great extent, became the victims of outraged justice. As it is, the lesson they have been taught, I hope will serve them for the future as a severe warning how they came here to violate our rights, as they soon found out that this city would become too hot for them; and the only regret among the citizens generally is, that they were not all killed or taken prisoners before they had time to return to Baltimore. Some persons are disposed to blame the Mayor for not having the military on the ground before the rioting commenced, but he could not do this before there was cause for it to enable him to apply to the President for authority to use them. Mayor Magruder, Captain Goddord, and Squire Douse, deserve well of the people of this city for the spirited resistance, at the hazard of their lives, which they made to the assaults of the rowdies. The Democrats, or Union party have carried the election, with the exception of six Know-Nothings in the Common Council, notwithstanding that hundreds would not go to the polls for fear of being knocked down. Know-Nothingism is virtually defunct here, and it is scarcely probable that it will ever again show itself in an organized form. It is supposed there are ten or twelve dead, and double that number severely wounded.

Five hundred and fifty of the flying artillery came on from Baltimore by special train, last night and are quartered at Maher's Hotel to crush out any further attempts at rioting.

SIGMA.

Washington is fast earning a reputation for lawlessness, only second to that of New York, New Orleans and Louisville. If we take into account the number of its inhabitants, it has already distanced all competitors by its Sumner and Sickle's outrages, its murders of Keating and other Irishmen, and its bloody riots at the late and preceding election.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

CONCERT.—The concert in Newark, on Monday last, for the benefit of the Y. M. Catholic Association, was a complete success, and the large audience testified their satisfaction by repeated plaudits. Among those who won special praise were Miss O'Connor, on the piano, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Wilcox, on the flutina, Mr. Johnson and Mr. De Lacy.

— D. Coleman and Timothy Coughlin, found guilty of being implicated in what the papers pompously termed the "Bergen Riots," were sentenced to the New Jersey State Prison for two years. A third, James Donnelly, was sent to the workhouse for four months, and fined one hundred dollars. Too much blame cannot be attached to men who will thus madly engage in bróils similar to the above, especially when they are well convinced they live in the midst of a community, the members of which, for the most part, eagerly watch for the perpetration of the smallest over act on their part, with the *charitable intention* of magnifying it into immense proportions and gratifying their own petty and contemptible spleen.

— The warning given to the *Correspondent* in consequence of an article by the Count de Montalembert has been followed by another, to the *Foi Bretonne* for remarks on the same article. The *Union Francomtoise* believed itself safe, as it only published certain passages of the great orator's article against the *Univers*, but it has also been warned. The *Union Francomtoise* is published at Besancon, and devoted to the interest of M. de Montalembert. Confident in its innocence, the Besancon journal has appealed to the Minister of the Interior.

— The notorious Vidocq died lately in Paris at the age of seventy-eight years.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP CANADA.

We have four days' later intelligence from Europe than that supplied by tke Arabia. Latest advices, therefore, come up to the 20th of May. The news by this arrival is meagre and unimportant in the extreme. Nothing of special interest had transpired in the English Parliament or among the people. The long pending difficulty between Switzerland and Prussia regarding the Swiss canton of Neufchatel has been at length brought to a close, all parties involved agreeing to a particular set of terms. England has also succeeded in making a treaty with Persia, the terms of which were ratified at Teheran, the Persian capital, on the 14th of April last. The Mexican Ambassador and the Spanish Ministers for Foreign affairs are reported to have had an interview when the basis of an arrangement of the present difficulties between their respective governments was agreed to. The Spanish squadron was still on Spanish waters, being detained at Cadiz. All these symptoms indicate that there is not the least possibility of a resort to actual hostilities between both nations. The Arabs seem uneasy under the sway of the Turks and at Damascus a battle was reported to have taken place between those sons of the desert and their Mahomedan rulers. From China there is nothing to be added to that previously reported. No further movements had taken place either at Canton or along the Canton River; neither had the Chinese made a demonstration in any quarter.

Literature.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE, author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette." By E. C. GASKELL, author of "Mary Barton." 2 vols. *New York: Appleton & Co., Broadway.*

This is the best biography of a woman, by a woman, ever written. If we were allowed to pick out of the list of English Biographies, Boswell's "Johnson" and Foster's "Goldsmith," we would not hesitate to place it side by side with the most successful efforts of our own sex in the same department. We speak of the work only in a literary point of view. Some of Mrs. Gaskell's remarks on Irish charactar we feel disposed to differ with; many of her excuses for the rudeness of "Jane Eyre" we consider lame indeed; but that she has brought to the compilation of these two volumes, a ready and able pen, a discriminating judgment in the use of materials, and above all, that true sympathy with the subject without which works of this kind shrivel into commonplace books, is attested beyond question in the "Life" before us. We feel thankful to Mrs. Gaskell for the pleasure we have derived from its perusal, and we hope that she will not desert a walk of literature in which she has attained so decided a success.

Charlotte Bronte was born at Thornton, England, on the 21st of April, 1816 and was the third child of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, a native of the Parish of Ahaderg, county Down, Ireland, where his family are still remembered. When she was four years old her father removed to Haworth, a village made up of nearly equal parts of lawless Yorkshiremen, mists, and mud, and in this gloomy place as she grew up she underwent the infliction of a practical GRADKIND education.

"The ideas of Rousseau and Mr. Day on education," says Mrs. Gaskell, "had filtered down through many classes, and spread themselves widely out. I imagine, Mr. Bronte must have formed some of his opinions on the management of children from these two thecrists. His practice was not half so wild or extraordinary as that to which an aunt of mine was subjected by a disciple of Mr. Day's. She had been taken by this gentleman and his wife, to live with them as their adopted child, perhaps about five-and-twenty-years before the time of which I am writing. They were wealthy people and kind-hearted, but her food and clothing were of the very simplest and rudest description, on Spartan principles. A healthy merry child she did not much care for dress or eating; but the treatment which she felt as a real cruelty was this. They had a carriage, in which she and the favorite dog were taken in an airing on alternate days; the creature whose turn it was to be left at home being tossed in a blanket—an operation which my aunt especially dreaded. Her affright at the tossing was probably the reason why it was persevered in. Dressed-up ghosts had become common, and she did not care for them, so the blanket exercise was to be the next mode of hardening her nerves. It is well known that Mr. Day broke off his intention of marrying Sabrina, the girl whom he had educated for this purpose, because, within a few weeks of the time fixed for the wedding, she was guilty of the frivolity, while on a visit from home, of wearing thin sleeves. Yet Mr. Day and my aunt's relations were benevolent people, only strongly imbued with the crotchet that by a system of training might be educed the hardihood and simplicity of the ideal savage, forgetting the terrible isolation of feelings and habits which their pupils would experience, in the future life which they must pass among the corruptions and refinements of civilization.

"Mr. Bronte wished to make his children hardy, and indifferent to the pleasures of eating and dress. In the latter he succeeded, as far as regarded his daughters; but he went at his object with unsparing earnestness of purpose. Mrs. Bronte's nurse told me that one day when the children had been out on the moors, and rain had come on, she thought their feet would be wet, and accordingly she rummaged out some colored boots which had been given to them by a friend—the Mr. Morgan who married "Cousin Jane," she believes. These little pairs she ranged round the kitchen fire to warm; but, when the children came back, the boots were nowhere to be found; only a very strong odor of burnt leather was perceived. Mr. Bronte had come in and seen them; they were too gay and luxurious for his children, and would foster a love of dress; so he had put them into the fire. He spared nothing that offended his antique simplicity. Long before this, some one had given Mrs. Bronte a silk gown; either the make, the color, or the material, was not according to his notions of consistent propriety, and Mrs. Bronte in consequence never wore it. But, for all that, she kept it treasured up in her drawers, which were generally locked. One day, however, while in the kitchen, she remembered she had left the key in her drawer, and, hearing Mr. Bronte up stairs, she augured some ill to her dress, and, running up in haste, she found it cut into shreds.

"His strong, passionate, Irish nature was, in general, compressed with resolute stoicism; but it was there notwithstanding all his philosophic calm and dignity of demeanor. He did not speak when he was annoyed or displeased, but worked off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back-door in rapid succession. Mrs. Bronte, lying in bed up stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, 'Ought I not be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?' Now and then his anger took a different form, but still speechless. Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, and remained in the room in spite of the stench, until it had smouldered away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs, and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools."

Under such influences as these it is no wonder that Charlotte became precocious. We find her, accordingly, avowing political opinions to her father at eight years of age, acting as eldest sister of a motherless family at nine, selecting for a friend the best authors in the language and settling to a shade several nice questions of morals at eighteen, writing to Southey on her chances in literature at nineteen, and famous as the writer of her greatest production "Jane Eyre" at thirty-one. The anonimity of the author helped to fasten the curiosity of the public on this work, and when Miss Bronte became known as the creator of its characters she received that instant and hearty recognition which her talents deserved. At the time of her death in March '55, she was regarded as one of the best female novelists of England, and the extensive sale of "Shirley" since that time shows, that she has not fallen in critical or popular estimation.

The character of Charlotte Bronte would have been, on the whole, a noble one were it not for her bigotry. Mrs. Gaskell passes over this fatal defect without a word; but it is palpable even in the Letters sent by Miss Bronte to her. "It is Mr. ——'s family experience," she exclaims, "which has influenced your feelings about the Catholics. I own, I cannot be sorry for this coming change. Good people, *very* good people—I doubt not, there are among the Romanists, but the system is not one which should have such sympathy as *yours*. Look at Popery taking off the mask at Naples!" Of a piece with this seething ebullition are the remarks on the "impiously theatrical" service of the Mass celebrated by Cardinal Wiseman in her presence at the Chapel of the Spanish Ambassador in London; her reflections on Miss Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity," wherein she thinks Miss K. "touches the theme of Elizabeth of Hungary too lightly," and her very amusing—since it is very absurd—distinction between the French and Irish, and the Germans and Italians, in 1848: "That England may be spared the spasms, cramps, and frenzyfits now contorting the Continent, and threatening Ireland, I earnestly pray. With the French and Irish I have no sympathy. With the Germans and Italians I think the case is different; *as different as the love of freedom is from the lust for license.*"

Charlotte Bronte was certainly a woman of great talents, but she was also a woman of strong and unreasonable prejudices. The anti-Catholic ones she inherited from her father who caught them among the rancorous Presbyterians of Brague; the others or anti-Irish ones must have come from the mother's side, for Patrick Bronte is as thorough an Irishman as a non-Celtic "colonist" once in Ulster, can be. He was born on Patrick's Day and took his name from it; he called his only son Patrick in the teeth of English prejudice; and when Charlotte and his other children persisted in calling the boy "Branwell" instead of "Patrick" he insisted on using the unfashionable patronymic. But it is a matter of little moment where Charlotte got her prejudices. We have shown that she had them, and that is enough.

We regret—and this is the only fault we find in the book as a book—that Mrs. Gaskell has published so much of Miss Bronte's opinions on Thackeray and Mrs. Stowe. The lengthened references to, and the extravagant laudation of William Makepeace are nauseating in the extreme; while the crude allusions to Mrs. Stowe's work, "Uncle Tom," look very like a bait for the sympathetic maws of American critics. Without these drawbacks the "Life of Charlotte Bronte" would be *beyond* praise, and with them it is, as we said before, the best biography of a women by a woman, ever written.

POEMS. By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. Second edition. *London: Richardson & Son, 147 Strand.*

Father Faber is justly celebrated as the author of "All for Jesus," and "Growth in Holiness." Perhaps no two treatises published within the last ten years have attained a wider popularity than they, and, whether we consider their style, the knowledge they disclose of the human heart, or the judicious alternations between pious reflection and seraphic aspiration which distinguish them, they are perfect of their kind. Father Faber has, however, written many other devotional books, besides Essays on various subjects, and as if to render complete the satisfaction with which all have been received, he now presents us with the volume named at the head of this article. Many of the poems it contains have been in print in England for twenty years, more for sixteen, but few, if any, have ever attained circulation on this side of the ocean, and they are just as original to us, as if published yesterday.

The first thing that strikes us in these poems is the love of Nature which pervades them. From the lines on the "Styrian Lake" to those on "The Scheldt" the reader is constantly reminded of the author's affection for woods, streams, and the peaceful scenes of country life. He turns, too, with a friendly face to the mountains. Petrarch tells us that Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar built their houses on the hills, because they were men of lofty bearing; and the meek Oratorian, but for a different reason, is ever and anon caught by the attractions of Loughrigg and Helvellyn. In all this sympathy with Nature in her different changes, however, there is none of that mistaken partiality to which the want of Christian principles often leads. Far from it. Every sight and sound in the landscape, on the earth or in the heavens, has a spiritual signification for his muse; and throughout his whole Poems, whether they refer to the present or the past, the monument of to-day, or the ruin of centuries, there is a weird, many-changing chant which constantly recalls the mind to thoughts of another world. In him, Christian philosophy goes side by side with poetic thought like substance and shadow, and it is just when he is philosophyzing most that he sings sweetest. Fellow us a passage like this in the poem on "Heilderberg Castle:"

O Mother Earth! how near thou art to Heaven!
For matter lies for ever in the lap
Of spirit, and their subtle boundaries
Fade, and revive, and quiver like the light,
In most intelligent confusion, now
Efface, and now repaint themselves again,
Repose one moment in distinctness, then
Gleam like the infinite without an edge,
And melt within the furnace-fires of thought,
Seen, yet unseen, now glowing on the eye,
And now withdrawn in an excess of light
Deeper than darkness. So these limits seem,
Dividing realms so opposite, and spheres
Which underlie each other,—rugged cliffs
That crumble at a touch, yet from whose heights,
As from the undiscovered end of space,
Men fall at once into some other world,
Some new and unimaginable life;—
Walls that man knocks against and knocks in vain,
And yet so imperceptibly confused
That all seems smooth as summer lake between—
Matter and spirit pressing on each other,
Stealing or borrowing each the other's place,
With sweet encroachments, now as calm and slow
As the white flush of dawn, now shooting swift
Like the cold arrows of the boreal fire
That climb half heaven at once in rosy flight,
Or mingling unconsumingly in depths
Of flickering splendors, volatile as are
The vivid hues at eve exhaled in space
Out of the speechless throbbing sunsets.
Thus
Mind hath a space, a medium of its own,
Room for itself, more intimate and near,
More vast and more accessible, than that
Through which material worlds must plough their way
Not unresisted; and the softest scenes,
Fair forms, faint sounds, and fickle airy hues,
The play of light, the splash of waters, pomps
Of rolling clouds that creak not, and the blank
Of midnight's unreverberating ear,
The strain of silence listening for a sound,
The patterns of the moonlight on the grass,
The undulations of sweet scents,—all these
Give way, like snow-drifs, 'neath the weight of thought,
And let us down through the material world,
As if it were a veil of thinnest silk,
Into an inner world, whose fantasies
Are few in number, dwelling far apart,
Alone, in couples, or like nomad tribes
Upon the roomy steppe, and where all thoughts
Are colorless, without terrestrial shapes,
And with an influence like creative words,
So that each thought is word and work at once,
Substantial, permanent, and giant-like,
Widening the mind, transfiguring the will,
And taking down the frightened faculties
To that deep point in self, where God vouchsafes
To confine on our thoughts, and touch our souls.

It struck the hour of noon: *the quiet sound*
Came muffled through the fleecy folds of mist,
That thickly hung upon the town below.
So faint was it and soft—yet so distinct—
It seemed the spirit of a sound, escaped
From some more gross and heavy atmosphere.

The best evidence of Father Faber's power in the preceding fine lines, is in those which we have underlined. They are a perfect example of poetic illustration. If our space allowed we could give our readers a string of gems from other poems; but the following few, selected in haste, must suffice:

DEPARTED SOULS.

We know them not, nor hear the sound
They make in treading all around:
Their office sweet and mighty prayer
Float without echo through the air,
Yet sometimes in unworldly places,
Soft sorrow's twilight vales,
We meet them with uncovered faces
Outside their golden pales,
Though dim, as they must ever be,
Like ships far-off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails.

THE POET'S MIGHT.

That the might in poet's breast
Wholly in himself doth rest,
Wholly from himself doth come,
As though he could be the home
Of the beautiful bright throng
He but weaveth into song—
Were a creed to disenchant
Music's best and holiest haunt,
And to leave on land or sea
Not a home for minstrelsy.

LINES TO A LITTLE LADY.

Hearts good and true
Have wishes few
In narrow circles bounded,
And hope that lives
On what God gives
Is Christian hope well founded.

Small things are best:
Grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven.

TWO FRIENDS.

Unlike, and yet how like, two wills
That mould so passing well,
As waves that meet and make a calm,
Caught by each other's spell.

Each by his brother's heart delays
To learn its mystic motion,
Blends as it listens, and forgets
All the wild heaving ocean.

It would be gross injustice to judge Father Faber by these samples of his store of verse, and if we were not sure that the reader will merely take them as vouchers, in part, for his vigor of wing and fulness of fancy we would not insert them at all. Of course, what Dryden said of Milton, "he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for an hundred lines together," is applicable to Father Faber; but it is worthy of remark that he generally does so when engaged in what Roger Ascham called in his *Schoolmaster* "rude beggarly rhyming, brought first into Italy by Goths and Huns, when all good verse and good learning were destroyed," and which Milton regarded as "the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter."

RUSSIAN AUTHORS.

Russian literature is almost entirely ignored, even by those who in Europe and America devote themselves to the study of cotemporary letters. In fact, many would disdainfully shrug their shoulders at the bare idea of the literary productions of Muscovite, Sclavonic, or Tartar genius. Before the Crimean war the military talent of the Russians would have been supercilious denied by British mess-room tacticians. The opportunity of judging, however, has afforded them the means of appreciating it. We are rather disposed, in general, to stigmatize as barbarous, countries of whose people, customs, or genius, we know nothing; and we are wonderfully surprised to learn, in the end, that instead of the contemned people being barbarous, we, the contemners, are purely and simply ignorant.

The Sclavonic writers excel in fable and in story-writing. The writers in this style show a wonderful fidelity in details, a most delicate wit, and an exceeding art in the conduct of their narrations. They gradually, imperceptibly prepare the reader's mind for the catastrophe, and never fall into the bad taste, the vulgar exaggeration which characterize but too many of our cis-Atlantic writers. The *fantastical* tale-writers give ample proof of this. While dealing with subjects the most improbable they so skilfully weave the web of their narrative, the threads which form it are of such infinite delicacy, and of such silky suppleness, that the reader is never shocked by an abrupt catastrophe, or by a *Deus ex Machina* denoument. At the head of this class of writers stands Prince Feodorewitch Odoefsky, Superintendent of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburgh. His style is a mixture of popular credulity and

satrical observation, blended together with exceeding art. *The Gamblers*, a philosophical fable on the passion of gambling, is a fair specimen of his manner. The cards become players; the gamblers are seized and played with by their cards. "One having swept away all the stakes, collects all his strength, and blows out the candles; they immediately relight of themselves and shed throughout the room a pale, sickly light. Sombre flames come forth from every corner, and the shadows of the gamblers are lengthened upon the floor. The cards jump from their hands; the Queens drive the players from their seats and take their places; the Kings seize upon the armchairs; the Aces, the sofa. The Knaves, with the flambeaux, have lit up the table, the Tens promenade proudly up and down the room, and the Twos and Threes range themselves respectfully near the wall. Then the Kings and Queens seize the Gamblers as if they were Cards, mingle them, shuffle and deal them, and a game the most astonishing commences, an infernal game, which no gambler had ever dreamt of, and that the most celebrated Sybils never knew. How long this fearful game lasted I know not; how long they were bruised, twisted, bitten with rage, thrown to the ground by these players of a novel kind, I cannot say!"

Next come the delineators of actual life and manners, as it were, the Russian Dickens or Balzac school. The minuteness of description which characterizes the works of the two great novelists, is also found to a high degree in the writings of the Russian philosophic observers of every day life. Nothing can be more nervous, more concise, more firm, and at the same time more naturally easy than their style. Among the most successful of this class of writers is Mr. Ivan Tourquenieff. To form a correct idea of the patriarchal habits of the Russian peasant, the pretentiousness of the burgher, the passions of the freedman; in short to understand the life of that seemingly dormant population, one must read his works. In this regard his *Tablets of a Sportsman*, are highly interesting and instructive. The *Village Tales* of Gregorewitch, are also excellent specimens of this school. Thaddeus Boulgarine, author of *Ivan Whigigine*, or *the Russian Gil Blas*, describes with wonderful fidelity life in the provinces, and at the petty Polish courts.

The *Drawing Room Tale-writers* treat only of fashionable life and its lightest caprices. Their wit is of the most refined order, and reminds one of the beautiful *Proverbes* of the late lamented Alfred de Musset. Count Sollohout is the chief of these witty and graceful chroniclers of engaging trifles.

Among the *Travellers*, Lermontoff occupies the post of honor. Accompany him in imagination through the Caucasus and his style is so vivid and so colored that the hundreds of semi-barbarous hordes he describes seem to move and act before you.

The delineators of *Wild Life* are headed by Nicholas Gogol, who possesses a wonderful power, a Homeric breadth of description, precission and boldness of touch in the painting of savage scenes. His *Tarass Boulba* is a masterpiece. By his side, in this style, also, stands the poet Pouschskine, whose *Captain's Daughter* is a succession of interesting and animated tableaux of Cossack life. His style is lively, clear, simple and nervous.

But the latest and most remarkable writer of this school is Michael Czaykowski, or Sadik Pacha, for, to use a familiar expression, he has "turned Turk." Sadik is a civilized and accomplished Cossack, and his *Cossack Tales*, translated into French *by himself* have lately been published in Paris. Sadik Pacha has led a life of adventure. He is familiar with war and camps, with steppes and cities, with Viennese boudoirs and Cossack huts, with civilization and semi-barbarism, with the Occident and the Orient. Poet, adventurer, man of the world, he has written these tales—in which he describes the Cossacks of whom he is the chief—between a bivouac and a ball in Venice, in exile, and on a visit to the Sultan. The country he describes is that which lies between Mongolia and Turkey, Poland and Russia, commencing at Belgarde, stretching along the Carpathian Mountains on one side, and the Black Sea on the other, beyond the Don to the foot of the Caucasas. The singular life of the extraordinary hordes who inhabit this territory: the Kirghis, the Zaporogues, that wonderful republic composed of Sclavonic Tartars, Turks and Mongols, is marvellously painted.

The Cossack is a kind of Centaur; he and his horse are one and indivisible. He is a republican, elects his chiefs and breaks their heads if they do not suit him. He thinks only of plunder; he dreams but of pillage and bloodshed. "Thoughts of battle," says Sadik Pacha, "are incessantly running in his head. He looks at the wall of his chamber and says: 'It would be good to cover it with Persian or Turkish tapestry'—he looks up at the cupola of the temple—'It would be good to cover it with Mussulman gold.' The coursers of the Khan would not be out of place in his stable—the dogs of Wallachia in his kennel. And at each of his movements his clanking sabre seems to cry: Blood! Blood! as a hungry child cries Bread! Bread!" Women are excluded from his republic of huts, to become a citizen of which it is only necessary to be a bandit and a bachelor. He calls the hawk his father and the horse his brother. He has no need of shelter; the hottest sun only warms him, the frost refreshes, the rain washes, and the wind dries him. When he has drank a little opium or wine he vaults on his horse and goes to battle. "The opium trots in the brains of the horsemen, and under them trot their steeds; they gallop, they shout, they arrive at the suburbs of some Turkish town. The Turks, who pursue them imprudently, rush into the gardens behind the walls; and when they are entangled in narrow passages the Cossack chief discharges his musket, and immediately, like rockets in a display of fireworks, hundreds of muskets keep up an incessant fire. The Turks are panic-struck; some cry: *Allah!* and try to climb the walls; others, *Aman!* and fall at the feet of the victors. The horses rear, trampling human bodies with their hoofs, the saddle-girths burst, and the rest of the horsemen fly across the plain. Heaps of beings, half dead, roll in the dust; there lie upon the ground the red caftan of the Spahis, the white turban of the Albanian; here a horseman drags himself with difficulty from under his dead horse; further on a horse tries to drag his bridle from the stiffened hand of his dead master."

After this description the terrible distinctness and savage truth of which show that the Cossack-Pacha has often gazed upon such fearful scenes, let us look upon the no less striking picture he gives of Cossack banquets and revelry. The Cossack thinks no meat more delicious than pork, no fish more exquisite than the tench, no fruit more delicate than prunes. The repast is prepared, the Cossacks are seated in groups, the rye-brandy overflows the cups, the metheglin foams in the goblets. "They drink, they eat, they shout; the *Attaman* (chief) enjoys himself, the Cossacks enjoy themselves, and pour down their throats cup after cup. The *Attaman* sings, the Cossacks accompany him. The *Attaman* places his hands on his hips, jumps, and the Cossacks stamp with such force that the floor trembles. Then, like frogs, they jump in a circle, and strike their shoulders with the heels of their boots, throw themselves about furiously like loaches in a pond, and their long locks of hair wave from right to left; more than one in the middle of the dance goes heels over head and falls down to sleep; some no longer able to speak, wag their tongues and hold their sides; one storms against the infidels, the other threatens the Jesuits. The Colenel laughs, shouts, howls; old times have come back to his memory. At length, tired out, he falls and goes to sleep. Every one now sleeps, and hisses and snores, as if he were nailed to the earth."

The vast extent of the Russian Empire, the different races that inhabit it, the infinite varieties of society, from the wild Cossack of the steppes, half-man, half-animal, through the various gradations of serfs, freedmen, peasants, boyards, burghers, priests, government employes reduced to mere machines, soldiers, to the refined aristocrat and the accomplished courtier at St. Petersburg, offer to the Russian writers an inexhaustible mine of the most varied riches, from which to build up a national literature. From what they have produced thus far they have shown themselves equal to the task and it is beyond a doubt that another century will give to Russian literature a high position in European letters.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

On the morning of the fourth of May, the Church of Saint Roch echoed mournfully the solemn tones of a *Requiem* Mass. When the last sounds had died away in a sad cadence, a bier, escorted by a sorrowful train, was borne forth from the sacred edifice. In that procession were seen men, whose fame is world-wide, authors, scholars, artists, the most distinguished of whom Paris—France, can boast. Hoary members of the French Academy, bent under the weight of years and honors, with full hearts and tottering steps, followed to the grave the last remains of their youngest brother, Alfred de Musset, torn from the literature of his country in the flower of his age. The members of the Comedie Francaise, to whom the departed poet's beautiful and refined creations have so often given the opportunity of earning the public approbation, were present to testify to their gratitude and their grief. The chief mourner, himself an elegant and successful writer, was Paul de Musset, the brother of the deceased. The pall-bearers, and never was pall more nobly borne, were M. Villemain, the perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, Alfred de Vigny, M. Vitet, member of the Institute, and M. Empis. Slowly and silently that train of illustrious mourners wended its way through the streets of Paris, bearing to its last resting-place in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, the mortal part of a poet, whose spirit had been recalled to the sphere whence it had received the sacred fire that warmed and inspired it.

M. De Musset's health had long been declining, and his Muse for some time had slumbered, but his death was, nevertheless, a cruel and unexpected blow to those who loved and admired him. The death of such men is ever unexpected. One is almost disposed to attribute to the physical envelope of Genius the immortality of the Spirit it contains.

Alfred de Musset was born in Paris, in November of the year 1810. At the early age of nineteen he published his first work, entitled *Les Confessions d'un enfant du Siecle*, which, though not exempt from the errors consequent upon a passionate nature, when the warm blood of youth rushes through the veins, is a masterpiece of style, and is full of brilliant, impassioned, and eloquent passages. His next book, *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, is no less perfect in style, and is rich in local color. In reading its pages one seems to breathe the perfumed atmosphere, and to gaze upon the warm sky of Spain and Italy. Next came a collection of poems, under the title *Spectacle dans un fautenil*, in which great happiness of expression and marked originality are allied to a free and dashing manner. The beautiful ballad, *Mon Andalouse*, is known by all who read in France. M. de Musset has since published at various periods *Comedies* and *Proverbes*, which are most exquisite productions, and many of which belong to the repertory of the Theatre Francaise; a delicate and brilliant wit, a pure taste, covert satire, mark their every page. The little piece in one act, *Il faut qu' une porte soit ouverte ou fermee*, has been played in St. Petersburgh as well as in Paris, in London, Berlin, Vienna, New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco A *Caprice* has enjoyed the same wide-spread popularity. Among his dramatic pieces also are two remarkable tragedies, *Lorenzaccio* and *Andre del Sarto*, and besides these, the charming pieces, *On ne badine pas avec l'amour, Il ne faut jurer de rien, Fantasio, La nuit Venitienne*, &c., which will live as long as Frenchmen admire grace of style, purity and elegance of language, refined and subtile wit. M. de Musset was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and was elected a member of the French Academy, in 1845.

It requires an intimate knowledge of the French language, a thorough comprehension of its genius, to fully appreciate the beauties or understand the veiled satire of Alfred de Musset. The natural quickness, the keen perception, the delicate sensitiveness, the intense susceptibility of the neo-Latin or of the Celtic intellectual organization, are necessary to their entire appreciation. They are altogether out of the domain of the more slowly moved, apathetic, and grosser Anglo-Saxon mind. We are inclined, therefore, to ascribe to the lack of some one of those qualifications and not to malevolence or a desire of self-sufficient mediocrity to drag everything down to its own level, a few inconsiderate lines in which a Sunday paper summarily disposes of Alfred de Musset's claims to fame. It seems to us, moreover, from the tenor of his remarks, that the critic of that sheet is altogether unacquainted with several of the deceased author's productions. To lead him out of error and endeavor to do justice to the fame of departed genius, attacked, we believe, more through thoughtlessness and incompetency than through a reckless audacity, we will translate a few passages of the discourse delivered by M. Vitet, as he stood by the poet's grave. The gentleman who has the misfortune to be the author of the lines in question, and who, we have no doubt, will deeply regret them when he sees his error, will agree with us that M. Vitet is as reliable an authority with regard to the merits of a French poet as the ready writer of a New York Sunday paper:

Who among us would have expected to survive, when yet so young, scarcely five years ago, he entered the academical body; when you called him with delight to the place he had won and which, in concert with you, the public approbation decreed him—that public approbation so clairvoyant and so sincere, of which you hesitate not—nay you love to sanction the choice!

Your eagerness to receive him then, your grief to-day are explained in a few words: Alfred de Musset possessed a rare, original, exquisite mind; I will say more—I will say all—he was a poet! One of those men to whom heaven, often at the price of misery, weakness, and unutterable sufferings, seems to deliver her secrets, and who, by an unparalleled exception, received from her a marvellous and divine gift of feeling, of expressing and of depicting. Privileged children who are to be loved, and to be judged with indulgence, for they are in this world not so much to govern themselves as to charm and console others.

* * * * *

Shall I say it, and those who have loved him, who weep his loss, will they pardon us? If his exhausted strength was no more to be revived, if the poet had left the earth never more to return to it, we should thank God for having hastened the end of useless suffering. We shall hear him no more, but we will repeat and think ever new the beautiful melodies he bequeathed us in dying. However short his life, he had finished his task: he leaves a name which is imperishable!

ALL SOUL'S EVE

Where the tombstones gray and browned,
And the broken roods around,
And the vespers solemn sound,
Told an old church near;
I sat me in the eve,
And I let my fancy weave
Such a vision as I leave,
With a frail pen here.

Methought I heard a trail
Like to slowly falling hail
And the sadly plaintive wail
Of a misty file of souls
As they glided o'er the grass,
Sighing low "Alas! Alas!
How the laggard moments pass
In Purgatorial doles."

Though their garments glancing sheen,
As if nothing were between,
Pierced the moon's benignant beam
To a grove of stunted pines;
In whose distant lightsome shade,
With their gilded coats arrayed,
Danced a fairy cavalcade,
To a fairy poet's rhymes.

Then a cloud obscured the moon
And the fairy dance and rune
Faded down behind the gloom
Which along the upland fell,
And my ears could only hear
In the churchyard lone and drear
The tinkle soft and clear,
Of the morning Mass's bell.

It eddied thro' the air,
And it seemed to call to prayer
All the waiting spirits there
Which the moon's beams showed,
But each tinkle sunk to die
In a heart-distressing sigh
And no worshippers drew nigh
With the penetential word.

Mute as a statue, on each knoll
Stood a thin transparent soul
While the fresh breeze stole
From its long night's rest,
Till it bore upon its tongue
Like a snatch of sacred song,
All the peopled graves among
Ite, Missa Est!

Then a cry, as angels raise
In an ecstacy of praise,
When the Godhead's glowing rays
To their eager sight is given
Shook the consecrated ground
And the souls it lost were found
From their venial sins unbound,
In the happy fields of Heaven!

Where the tombstones gray and browned,
And the broken roods around,
And the vespers solemn sound,
Told an old church near;
I sat me in the eve,
And I let my fancy weave
Such a vision as I leave,
With a frail pen here.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD ANGLE.

BY J. M'ELHERAN, M.D.

In tracing the derivatives of patronymics we must bear in mind that nearly every nation has two or more names—the native, the foreign. The northern savages knew nothing of letters, and the early historians of Britain, such as Gildas, writing in Latin, or Welch, or Gailic, would naturally use the terms familiar to their own nation. Another circumstance important is, that the Gothic and other tribes being Nomads or semi-Nomadic, adopted or were known by titles belonging to war, their only regular profession. To this class belongs the words *Anglon*, a Celtic word, signifying *very strong*. Another form of the same word is *Angelu*, a warrior. Anglon signifies danger and oppression. This, then, is a very appropriate word for the British to use in reference to the Gothic invaders. Anglo, a warrior, is certainly a better derivation than that given by some complacent Englishmen, who say that Angle is Angel.

Others derive the word from Angle, a mathematical figure, because the tribe in question were located on an angle of land. This is assuming that the savages were topographical surveyors, which is absurd. And further, Angle is not a primitive Gothic word.

It may be asked how did the Gothic invaders bring with them a Celtic name? This is explained by the simple fact that part of them—their leaders at least—were Cimbrians and Irishmen. This historical fact will be cleared up in another place. It may suffice here to quote old Occo Scarlensis, who says that Gorimond an Irish captain—who, with many other Irishmen were joined with Hengist, became King of the Saxons after the death of Hengist. This word in the Saxon chronicle is written *Heartog*; and even in the spelling is purely Irish. It means, literally, *the first choice*, a term applied to a general in the Irish army chosen by the votes of the soldiers.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD SAXON.

The old English author, Verstegen, 1634, shows that several false derivations have been given for the word Saxon. Thus some Germans would derive it from Saxo, brother of Vandal. Occo Scarlensis objects to this, and says that the term came not from Saxo the Vandal, but from Saxo, an Indian Prince, who came to assist Alexander the Great; his brother, Bruno, having founded the Brunswickers. Verstegen says, "Others there be that smelling these derivations to be fabulous" derive the word from the Latin, *Saxum*, because of their hard and stony nature, saxum meaning a stone. But Verstegen shows that these are false and fanciful derivations, because the Saxons do not, nor never did, call them Saxon, but Sachsen. "In all the Netherlands they are, and have, of old time, been called Sassan. The Bretons in Wales and Cornwall do call us to this day Sasons."

He says that Saxon is derived from Sach, a knife or short sword. This we shall see is the true derivation.

If we might indulge in fanciful derivations we might say that the word Saxon came from *Sach* and *Son*, that is the son of the dagger, just as we now speak of a son of a gun. But there is an enthusiastic Anglo-Saxon, a Mr. J. Wilson, who has written an octavo volume to prove that the Saxons are no other than the lost tribes of Israel. This work has gone through several English and American editions, to the credit of this enlightened age. Mr. Wilson says that Saxon is derived from *Isac* and *Son*, by dropping the letter *I*, (which is easily done,) and joining *Sac* and *Son* we get Sacson or Saxon. The similarity between the Saxon and the Jewish physique is, no doubt, equally remarkable. Just dye his hair and change his features a little, and the Saxon will look like Isac's son. M. Justus Lipsius fully agrees with Verstegen, that the name signified a kind of short crooked sword or bowied knife. A *scythe* is called in the Netherlands at this day a *Saisan*. We find these kind of swords anciently written *Seaxen* or Seaxes. Of these Saxes they had two sorts, a sword or a knife, "called hand-seaxes," and such they were, which, after their coming into Britain, they wore concealed, "wherewith at a banquet at Salisbury, the word being given by Hengist, 'take your seakes;' Vertigern and 300 nobles were suddenly slain."

"Some of the Saxons coming more southerly on the river (Elbe) *Albis* had wars with the Thuringeas, and lodging themselves in a wood, got by that means the name of Holt Saxons,)wood Saxons,) *Holstein*-stadin."

Bishop Stillingfleet, who wrote in the 16th century says, that the Saxons was a general name for the northern Germans, who chiefly lived upon the sea shore. He gives the following derivation of the word as most probable: "That they had their name at first from the short swords, they did commonly wear, called *Sachs*, as the Quirites had their name from *Quiris*, a sort of spear. And the arms of Saxony to this day, as Pontanus observes, are two short swords across. This is made famous by a couple of old rhyming verses inserted in Engelhusius' Chronicon:

"Quippe brevis Gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi nomen Saxo traxisse putatur.

Sachs are the short swords which the Saxons wear,
Their names derived from the arms they bear.

The word A'Sassan is one of those terms common to several languages, the Celtic, Sclavonic, and Persian. The Sclavonic, called the north German pirates Saxo.

The Finlanders call the Germans in the north Saxons. In Germany it is pronounced and spelled Sachson. Now, as we proceed we will find the name was ancient and genuine of northern savages stretching from the Caspian to the Baltic. They were of the Arabian stock, Ogres, Hans, Baskin-Sogdone, &c., who ravaged Persia. They went under the general term of Assaseni, Sacae, and Sasones. We find tribes under these different forms of the word on ancient maps stretching northward from Persia.

The historical antiquary, Bryant, says that the word Sacae meant Sackers, destroyers.

It was used in this sense by the civilized nations of the East, in Persia &c., it agrees in sound and sense with the Arabic and Celtic assassin and sassan. The Celtic indefinite article a or an when used makes the word a'sassin. This is the plain and obvious orthography.

There are various Irish spellings of the word Sacs, Sacson, Sagson, Sassanach, all are used to designate Englishmen.

Saesan is used also to mean England. The following are the varieties of the word: sacan means a boor, also a bag. Sac means a knife, also a bag; sacadh means sacking, murdering, also filling a bag; from this we have the term to sack a city which means both murdering and robbing the inhabitants. So the Sacsons may have got their name either from the knives they carried to cut throats or from the bags they brought to take away the plunder.

The Irish have no letter X consequently they wrote the word Sacs or Sassan indiscriminately.

A'Sassin, one who lives by murder—a treacherous thief. Saxon is a latin corruption of the old Gailic *A'sassanah*. This is the way that an Irishman, Highlander, Welchman, Persian of Arabian would pronounce the word Sassin or Sassanah, not Saxon. The Gailic verb *Sachaim* means to stab treacherously—to assassinate. A murdering thief is called in Irish *bodach—An' Sassanach*. And the greatest insult one Highlander can offer to another is to call him *An' Sassinah*. Webster gives the origin of the word Assassin from the Arabic verb *hassa, to kill* treacherously. I have seen other derivations of the word: that it came from As Hassan, the old man of the mountain, the chief of a tribe of assassins, or from Hash Hasha, a drink which infuriated men to deeds of bloodshed. But this would not explain how the Celts, and Persians used the word in the same sense. Sachim, to asssinate; A Sassanach, an assassin, or as the Latins write it Saxon. Yet, there is an analogy in these derivations.

The Saxons in Ireland were also called Fingallians to distinguish them from the dark Danes or Dhugallians. The Saxons were known as savages—subsequently as slaves in Ireland. The Saxons held the position in Ireland that the negroes do in America. To this day, Sacan and also Fingallian, mean an unmannerly boor, —just as Goth became a synonim for savage. Sassan was always a disgraceful epithet among Celtic nations. It was and is so among the Irish, Welsh and Highlanders. It was so among the Norman-French. Walter Scott knew this fact. In the novel of Ivanhoe, Faon de Beuf, calls the English prince, Athelstane, a Saxon Porker. M'Auley the Historian says, that after the battle of Hastings, the English mode of warfare against the Normans was assassination, extensive and shocking. When one Frenchman wanted to give mortal insult to another he would call him *an Englishman*.

The history and ethnology of the northern barbarians say that the Gothic race extended from the Baltic to the Caspian and the northern border of Persia. Still we have no historic nor ethnologic ground, that I know, for supposing that the Asiatic Sacæ and the Anglo-Saxons were anything but distant relatives in blood and language, occupying respectively the eastern and western boundary of their race—just as the western Celts and Persians were related. When we know that there are a great number of words relating to social conditions, the same in Irish, Persian, and Arabic, we need not be surprized that those nations should use the same word to designate the same type of man.

The Saxons belonging to the most outlandish savages, came in at the rear of the great Gothic incursion. Their name was unknown to Tacitus. But Ptolemy mentions them among the northern Goths of his day—second century.

How did Ptolomy learn the name Saxon? Not from the savages themselves, for Dr. Latham shows that even in Britain they did not call themselves Saxous, but *Angles*—that Sussex, Wessex and Essex, were names given by the Britons. Norfolk, Suffolk &c., being the names given by the invaders. Dr. Latham admits that it is undeniable that the name Saxon is a Celtic word. It was used in Britain to designate a pirate long before the Saxons gained any footing. The Romans appointed an officer coast-guard of the *littus Saxonicum*, that is, the coast of pirates, because the east coast of Britain was infested by pirates from North Europe.

To be a pirate was to be a Saxon. The Romans inquired not into the ethnology of the thieves. Dr. Latham says, a Saxon might be anything provided he were a pirate.

Aaron Turner affects to trace a connection between the Anglo-*Saxons* and the *Kossacs*. There are *Kossacs* also in our day in the supposed eastern route of the Goths into Europe. About the same locality I observe in Ptolomy's ancient maps, tribes called Sassans, Sassins, Sacae, and farther north Sasons contiguous with the andropophagi, or cannibals.

It is possible, therefore, that certain tribes of the Huns or Finnish race, who, as Bede tells us, were related to the Saxons,—brought the name with them into Europe during the incursion of these barbarians. Or, perhaps this old infamous title Assassin or Saxon only followed them. It it certain it was given to some of the most savage tribes by all southern nations of Europe and Asia Minor—even the Chinese called some of the savages northwest of them, Sai. On the other hand it must be borne in mind that the Goths who came to Britain and were christianized, repudiated the name Saxon.

The south Germans called the northern prowling savages Sachsan. Even the Fins called the Baltic pirates and none but the pirates Saxo. The Fins probably got the word from the Sclaves or the Byzantine traders. "No northern nation called themselves Saxon." The word was accidentally preserved in a spot of Europe, and accidentally revived by the accession of William the Dutchman and the Saxe Gothas to the theoretical throne of England. But when we take the cumulative evidence as given above, together with the fact that the word Saxon, Sachsan, Sassanach, Saxo, Sac, Kosac, Kaisac, Sacson, Sasson, Sassan, Asassin, was applicable in these various forms to mongrel bands of outlawed thieves, from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from Ireland to India, we are forced to conclude that the word meant pirate or murdering thief, simply, without reference to nationality.

The Ko-Sacs, like the old Anglo-Sacs, might be of any color, form, race, or religion, provided that they were *Ko-Sacs* — vagabond robbers.

The Saxons of Briton called themselves Angles until they were converted to Christianity, then they called their Pagan brethren in Germany Saxons, which shows that the word was repudiated by Christians. Saxon and Saxony were terms used by the Gauls and Romans and by Charlemange, who subdued and settled these people. They assumed the name just as a Gael calls himself an Irishman or Scotchman, although not his original name. The Irish, Highlanders, and Welsh still call an Englishman A'Sassana, but it is only lately, since a German Saxe-Gotha came to Buckingham Palace, that the English called themselves Anglo-Saxon in popular language. They prided rather in the name Briton or Englishman. Saxon was a general term applied to pirates at sea, and assassins and thieves on land. The English were called *Anglo*-Saxons to distinguish them from other Gothic tribes who had acquired the same foul epithet.

The king who first decreed that his kingdom should be called Angle-land, was not an angle but a "West Saxon," that is, he was called a Saxon, by the Britons and the Christian Missionaries. But he himself repudiated the name, and called his territory Angle-land or England. It was only in parts where the Roman or British Christian influence seems to have predominated, that these Goths were called by the name that best described their character. In Wessex, Sussex and Essex, although the Saxon tyrannized the British name kept its ground in the popular voice. But in the parts more thoroughly Gothic the Angles had it their own way, and they called their country Norfolk and Suffolk. "Saxon is always a name that some one *may* give to some one else, never one that he necessarily bears himself." From these facts, it appears probable that there was no nation of men whose native real name was Saxon. "The Celts suggested the name (a Sassanah,) and the Franks and Romans diffused it, (according to their own pronunciation—*Saxon,*) *that "the name was Celtic is undenied and undeniable."* (Dr. Latham's Ethnology of the British Islands.)

Archbishop Usher, in giving the geography of the Saxons in Britain, says that the West Saxons were anciently called Scoissi—not Saxons.

When Egbert had subdued his rivals of the Heptarchy, and reduced the country under his sole dominion, the great men of the kingdom, lay and clerical, held an assembly, "and with the *general consent of the clergy and people* Egbert was crowned King of Britain. And at the same time he enacted that it should be for ever called England, and that those who before were called Jutes (Goths) or Saxons should now be called Englishmen." (Tyrril's History of England.)

This business was entirely the work of the clergy, who wished to relieve the people from the bloody and pagan title of Sasan. "Egbert himself was a Saxon," and his own first kingdom bore the name of West Saxony, since also by this name the people were more generally known. It may seem strange that he should denominate the whole country from the Angles.

The true explanation is, as above given, that the Angles did not call themselves *Saxon* or *Assassin*; and especially when they became Christians they would and did repudiate the name. But the title clung to them on the Continent, and also in Britain more or less.

The term A'Sassan, or as it is sometimes written Sassanach, without the indefinite article is, undoubtedly Celtic, but it may have been Gothic also. It may have been Sachson, or son of the dagger, or short sword, which some Scythians worshipped. Under this supposition we can understand how some of the Goths may have used or adopted the title given by the Celts. We know that the Goths believed in slaughter by stratagem, as the greatest virtue, and their Walhalla or Heaven, means literally, slaughter-house—a scene of perpetual butchery, and therefore in their eyes a glorious place. We need not be surprized to find some of them adopting and delighting in the name of Sachson. But as a Christian people under Egbert and the Bishops they rejected it. It is curious to see the word Saxon restored again in this age of perfidy and rapacity.

It is important to note that the name Saxon was applied by the Roman and Byzantine writers to the *most northerly* German or Gothic pirates who used to infest the shores of civilization.

It does not appear that any Gothic tribe in ancient times called themselves Saxon until after it was fixed upon them by the Celts. But should it hereafter appear that any primitive race actually called themselves Saxons, it would not affect the Celtic or Persian meaning of the word. Just as *Goth* came to signify a brute in human shape, so *Sassan* came to be a synonim for murderer.

Whatever may have been the original derivation of the word Saxon, whether it was already Persian, Slavonic and Celtic, or whether these nations got it from some particular tribe of Goths and applied it afterwards to Kac Sac, Ko Sacs, Anglo-Saxon and pirates generally, it is certain that the words *A Sassan* of the Celts and *Saxon* of the Latins were identical and were applied in the same sense to designate thieves and murderers of the Gothic race. If any doubt of this should remain, it will be removed by the fact that assassin was the only word which could truly and emphatically describe the character of the Gothic savages.

Assassination was their *peculiar mode of warfare*. In the west as in the east, the Saxons lived by assassination in its literal and lowest sense for hundreds of years before their settlement in Britain. Their first act in regard to their employers was to assassinate them, wholesale. The same race, under the

name of Danes, kept the British Isles and the shores of the Continent, continually red with the blood of the unfortunate inhabitants, assassinated by them at night or by stratagem. Their cowardly knives were applied chiefly to women and children, defenceless nuns and priests.

Early historians declare with one voice that the Saxons were the most brutish and treacherous, and fierce of all the Gothic tribes. (See Lingard: Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church;) also Butler's Life of St. Augustine, for the ancient Authorities. The terms Sacac, Sassones, Assasins, Sacs-Kosacs, Saxo-Saxon and Sassanach, were given by the Persians, Arabians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Britons and Milesians, only to the most sanguinary savages *north* of their respective countries. It is evident, therefore, that the word *Saxon* in its historical bearing means, and is synonimous with *assassin.*

Let us now turn to Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. It is singular that the word Saxon is not given. The obvious reason is that Angle was preferred by old writers who knew the meaning of the other term, which was anything but complimentary. It is remarkable that even the varieties of the word *Sac* are the same in Bosworth as in the Irish Dictionary, viz.:

Sac, a sack; *Saca, Sacan*, an oppressor; *Sucan*, to contend, strive; *Sacafull*, infamous; *Sacu*, strife, &c., a crime of any sort; *Sæc*, war, battle, sedition; *Sæcg*, a little sword, a dagger; *Saex, Seax*, a knife; *Sag*, a sack.

The whole tenor of the word, therefore, implies, even in Anglo-Saxon, a bagman, thief, knifeman, cut-throat, infamous oppressor; emphatically an assassin or sacker.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

*The Weather.—Preparations for Summer.—Change in Stenographic Costume.—The original of a daguerreotype.—Flight of the Fashionables.—*CHURCH'S "NIAGARA."*—The brush and the pen.—Sketches by the Old Masters, &c.*

The weather, which seemed waiting for a Spring, has been at last obliged to ignore that beautiful season—the girlhood of the year—and jump at one bound into Summer. The old struggle between the Sun and the Wind was renewed to the advantage of the former, who compelled us, as the traveller in the fable, to renounce overcoats, raglans, and all the pomps of Winter. There has been a general exhumation of linen coats, Summer pantaloons, and a furbishing up of musty Panamas, which lay through the Winter undusted and despised. Stoves put up with so much care, have been hurriedly torn down and thrown irreverently into out-of-the-way corners, none so cold to do them reverence. The fabricators of hot cakes, who held their kitchens *al fresco* along the railings of the Post Office, have abandoned their frying pans and commenced the manufacture of ice-cream at one cent a glass. The excentric stenographers of a morning journal—those counterfeit presentments of Fra Diavolo—have shorn their beards of patriarchal length, and doffed their boots *a la Suvaroff*. We believe there is but one solitary individual who has remained insensible to the ardent whispers of Phebus. You have often seen, no doubt, that majestic man, draped in Scottish plaid and crowned with Spanish sombrero, who in dreamy mood parades our streets and shows his tall figure in our places of amusement. In bygone days, in the freshness of his journalistic fame, he was daguerreotyped in that accoutrement, and the heat of an African sun could not force him to abandon it. All Japonicadom is on the wing, to seek along the banks of the Hudson, the coast of Long Island, up the White Mountains, at Saratoga, and Niagara, cool stones whereon to lay their heads during the Summer heat.

Apropos of Niagara, the "Niagara" has left us—not that of Nature but that of Church. It is gone to London to be engraved, our New York engravers being, it would appear, considerably behind the age. We had the pleasure, however, of seeing that work of Art before its departure, and we came away, from the contemplation of it, with the conviction that Mr. Church is an artist who possesses talent of a high order, but that he had undertaken a subject, the portrayal of which in all its wild grandeur exceeds the power of his art.

In the reproduction of such scenes the pen has a great advantage over the pencil. It is only necessary for the writer to *suggest*; he need but trace the outline of his picture in a few expressive phrases, indicate the striking points by a few bold pen strokes and the imagination of the reader fills in the details, arranges the clair-obscur and gives the coloring. The painter can expect no aid from the imagination of the spectator who regards his work; on the contrary, it is his most formidable adversary, for the more fertile the imagination of the spectator, the more the painter risks falling short of it. He must represent everything, from the largest masses to the minutest details. He must be faultless in design, correct in proportion, and true to nature in coloring. The very vagueness of a written description of such vast scenes heightens the reader's idea of them, by the very scope it leaves to his mind and as it were invests them with additional majesty, for it is only subjects that our imagination cannot fully and entirely grasp, which have the power of producing in our minds a sentiment of awe. The power of the brush is circumscribed; that of the pen, unlimited. To be convinced of this one need only compare with his sensations, after having seen the best picture extant of the Mississippi, those he has felt after reading Chateaubriand's description of the Father of Waters. We conceive a sublime idea of the human form of the Saviour, from written descriptions—what pencil has ever succeeded in transmitting to canvass, the ineffable purity, the heavenly wisdom, meekness and goodness,—in a word, the divine imprint that marks the face of Christ?

There are subjects which painters should not attempt. The representation on the canvass of scenes like Niagara, must ever be attended with comparative failure. By essaying them the painter only shows the weakness of his art. His is a noble and ennobling profession. It tends to make its votaries good and gentle and placid in spirit. The continual contemplation of the beautiful has a soothing influence upon their minds, and preserves them in the freshness of their simplicity and innocence. But it is also a most difficult and arduous pursuit, requiring a variety of accomplishments, long and serious study, untiring energy and perseverance. To be even an ordinary draughtsman much study is required, while scribblers all are nearly ready made. The poet, when he has finished his course of literature, may take up his pen, and if the sacred spark burn within him give vent to the whisperings of his Muse; the painter must go through the literary studies of the poet, he must possess the poet's rich imagination, and besides all this he must devote many years of labor to obtain the mechanical talent necessary for clothing in a visible form the conceptions of his genius. This is, no doubt, why we have so few good painters, and so many wretched poetasters. Of all who minister at the shrine of Art there are none we hold in higher respect than the painter. We know the great difficulties he has to overcome—the immense sacrifices he has to make, and we admire his courage, his abnegation, and sympathize with him in his suffering. This is why we do not wish to see him expose himself to certain and bitter mortification by undertaking enterprizes beyond the legitimate sphere of his Art—by losing his Genius in the clouds, or drowning it in Niagara. Those broad sheets of canvass in a style which some years ago threatened to become the American style: a forest with a solitary Indian, an inch and a half high, standing on a stone in the foreground—instead of bringing to the mind of the beholder the deep solitude of those vast woods, the majesty of the towering trees, the oppressive and awful silence which reigns throughout, excited the ridicule of the vulgar, and the regrets of the connaisseur who, seeing in the Titanic work the traces of talent, regretted that the painter had wasted his strength in the vain endeavor to paint scenes in which the Divine Artist will have no imitators.

To return to Mr. Church's painting: it is, in our humble opinion, far superior to any view of Niagara yet achieved. The treatment of the subject is original, the point of view could not, it seems to us, have been better chosen. You feel that the artist has struggled manfully and boldly with the vastness of his subject, that he possesses a skilful and daring pencil, but that the effect he has sought after is not produced—that the picture brings to the mind no idea of the immensity, of the awful grandeur of the reality. You feel that the artist has attempted an impossibility and that he has nobly succumbed. The defeat is not the artist's—it is that of his art. We repeat it, he has attempted an impossibility. To reproduce on a few feet of canvass the wild majesty of Niagara is like endeavoring to represent the infinity of the firmament by a celestial globe.

We had a rare piece of good fortune the other day. As we were rambling in search of what we might chronicle, we stumbled upon a collection of sketches by several of the great Masters, momentarily confided to the care of Messrs. Foulley & Saint James, 337 Broadway. Among the treasures on which we feasted our eyes, were an original painting by Rembrandt; a sketch of *Constantine haranguing his Soldiers* by Rubens; two heads in red chalk by the same master; a sketch by Salvator Rosa; two by Murillo; *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, by Jordano; a *Virgin and Child* by Guido; a Landscape by Tiziano Vecelli da Cadore; a head of *Saint Louis*; a *Deluge* by Guerin; a *Bacchante* by Boucher, and a drawing *a la sanguine*; a sketch by Lesueur; a red chalk sketch by Callot; a number of drawings by Charlet; one by Hogarth, &c.

We intended to treat of other objects of art, but, having ourselves been carried over the Falls, we must postpone our appreciation of them to our next chronicle.

THE NEWBURG MYSTERY.

The Newburg mystery seems in a fair way of being brought to light. A French negro named Brown, residing in Lowell, says, the corps is that of his wife, Catherine Ashbell, born in New Brunswick, and to whom he was married in 1850. The woman was in the habit of wandering away from her husband, and was regarded as rather a disreputable character.

Since the above was written a circumstance has transpired which completely upsets the presumption that the body found was that of Catherine Ashbell. This is no less than the appearance on the scene of the veritable Catherine herself. To the astonishment of all that person arrived in Newburg early on Monday morning last, in company with Officer Clark. She corroborates Brown's testimony to some extent, and the story of her own wanderings fully. It appears that the term of matrimonial felicity enjoyed by this couple was brief, indeed; they lived pleasantly together for a week, then quarrelled, and at the end of a month separated. Of course the Newburg murder still continues a mystery, and is likely to remain so. The jury have returned a verdict to the effect that an unknown female was murdered by some unknown persons, and recommend the Governor to offer a reward.

CITY NEWS.

WON'T ACT.—Officer Robert W. Bowyer, an active and intelligent official, hitherto attached to the office of the Chief of Police, rather than act under the new Board of Police Commissioners, has concluded to resign. His letter of resignation addressed to Frederick A. Tallmadge, General Superintendent, contain the motives that induced him to take this step. He says: "Having been assigned to duty at the office of the Chief of Police since its organization, and having been a member of the Police Department for nearly a quarter of a century, during all which time I have obeyed, and to the utmost of my capacity, aided in enforcing the laws of the State. Believing that my oath of office required me to do so, and that the constitutionality of any law would be declared by the judiciary, if I remained in the department my action in this respect would not change; but in conformity with a resolution formed some time since. I respectfully tender my resignation as one of the police of this city."

THE FRENCH.—A meeting of French adopted citizens was held on the 26th ult. for the purpose of expressing their opposition to the recent enactments of the New York State Legislature. The meeting pledged itself not to sustain the new charter nor new police law, those enactments being in the opinion of the meeting illegal; but, on the contrary, to use all constitutional means to resist such enactments from taking effect. The meeting further pledged itself to sustain Mayor Wood and those who adhere to him.

THE MEAT MARKET.—A combination among the buyers on last market day had the effect of reducing the price of beef nearly a cent and a half per pound. Sellers thought to obviate this by driving away a large number of cattle, but the artifice had not the desired effect as a large proportion of those offered were left unsold.

NEW COMERS.—Over fifty-one thousand emigrants arrived in this city from last New Years to the 27th of May, being an increase of seventeen thousand over the arrivals to the last date for 1856. By this it appears that emigration, instead of declining, is steadily on the increase.

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—It becomes our duty to announce the following accident, resulting in death, which occurred in this city on Friday last. It appears that on the day in question the Rev. Mr. Felder, of St. Mary's Church, Newark, N. J., who came to town for the purpose of purchasing some books, happened to be at the corner of Chatham and Oliver streets, when he was knocked down by one o the cars of the Second Avenue Railroad and dragged along the pavement for some distance. The Rev. gentleman was so injured about the head and spine as not to survive an hour after the accident. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned. Deceased was a native of Germany, and 30 years of age.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—A deplorable case resulting from the incompetency of a druggist, occurred in this city in the early part of last week. It appears that a young man, a German, went to a drugstore for the purpose af procuring a dose of Epsom salts, but instead of salts, the stupid druggist gave him Oxalic acid, which caused death instantaneously. Deceased lived at No. 592 Grand-street, and was 18 years of age. The name or whereabouts of the druggist has not transpired.

A person arrived lately in this city from Ohio and took up his quarters at the Astor House. It being his first visit to New York, and, being doubtless of an ardent and enquiring nature, he wandered about the city. In the course of his perambulations he fell in with a swindler, who induced him to visit Greenwood Cemetry. While there, the sharper succeeded in borrowing ten dollars together with a gold watch from his Ohio acquaintance. Finding, before they separated, that money and watch were in a fair way of never being returned, our country hero grasped the swindler by the collar, at the same time evincing his disposition towards him in the following words: "I don't know anything about city life, but I came from a country where men know how to fight, and if I am not returned my watch and money, I will give you a specimen of western argument." This was too much for our *fellow-citizen*, who, doubtless, gathered from the tone and emphasis with which the above was delivered, that its author contemplated a direct resort to physical force, and accordingly returned watch and money without delay. The Ohian gathered wisdom from that day's adventure.

Within the last twelve months over three hundred dead and diseased head of Cattle intended for city consumption has been seized by the different Health Wardens. It is unnecessary to remark that those animals were intended for sale in the different markets and stalls throughout the city.

Two men got into an altercation at 285 Broadway last week, when the wife of one of the belligerents ran down stairs, seized a scissors with which she stabbed her husband's opponent in the breast.

The hot weather has frightened the Board of Councilmen. That august assembly at their meeting, on Friday last, adopted resolutions directing the city Inspector to clean the streets without delay.

The steamship Columbia has been engaged to supply the place of the Baltic on the 6th of June. The Baltic has been withdrawn for alteration and repairs.

Three thousand four hundred and forty-seven emigrants arrived in this city during one day last week.

There were 807 vessels of various sizes in this port on Wednesday last.

They do things after a summary manner in the State of Delaware. Joseph Newman, for purchasing stolen property from boys was fined twenty dollars, sentenced to stand in the pillory for an hour, to be imprisoned six months and wear convict's costume for six months after his release. Another person for stealing from a store, was fined in the sum of thirty-seven dollars, to receive twelve lashes, and to be sold for a period not exceedtng seven years. This is carrying out the law with a vengeance. Wonder what one of our city brigands would think of such an arrangement as the above?

Senator Butler of South Carolina is no more. His demise took place on Monday, the 25th ult. He was a man of varied ability, and distinguished as a good statesman. In this regard he was looked upon as almost the equal of John C. Calhoun.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

An institution all by itself is the country store. It stands out as distinct and vivid in the social landscape of the rural districts as the monument does at Bunker Hill. All parties resort to it. All the loungers, all the idlers, and all the village gossips, as well as those who go to buy molasses, keg nails, tobacco, and raisins, congregate, and loiter, and gossip, and listen, in the convenient resting-place of the country store. And if it furthermore happens to be the Post Office, then follows a patronage from the sovereigns far and near, which it would be idle indeed for me to attempt to describe. Besides the sugar, nails, codfish, and brooms, there lie all the letters that belong to the men, women, and children of the town. The sum total of their correspondence with parties resident abroad is to be found just there, and just nowhere else. Therefore all the men collect about this swarming focus. Therefore they come and sit evening after evening, alternately discussing the news and seeing who carries off each and every letter. Therefore they stand and crowd up around the Postmaster as soon as the village mail-bag is brought in, assisting him to sort over the meager little pile that he empties out of it upon the counter offering advice wherever it is and it isn't needed; and submitting highly original comments upon matters and things in general.

Look in on the store in a country town at any time of the day or evening, unless perhaps it is just at planting or haying time, and you will find character, incidents, and amusing detail enough to please you as long as your recollection consents to give back the scene to you. They lounge and loaf, boys and men, making a serious business of it. They perch on the smooth, worn counters, swinging off their feet. They occupy the heads of kegs and the narrow ends of soap and candle boxes. They stand around the stove pipe if it is winter, and touch it on this side and that with their hands. They lean back in rows in the dark corners of the store, exchanging their dull-colored yarns with one another, and ripping out their nasal snickers at what precious bits of scandal happen to fall in their way. They bandy coarse and heavy jokes with the boys, giving them thorough lessons in their own peculiar art gratis. They read over all the posters and handbills for the thousandth time, and laugh and comment, and comment and laugh at exactly the same places they did three weary years ago.

On winter nights, the iron box stove is filled "cram full" with solid wood, and the draught roars like a young lion in the desert. Its raging sound drowns out the howl of the January winds without. The men and boys huddle close, hold up their hands before their toasted faces, laugh harder at their stale jokes than ever, and fall to again over the imputations of their friends and neighbors in a pleasantly scandalous way. When the old mail-driver comes in from his coach on these evenings, and they all begin to address him by his Christian name, and ask him minutely about the weather, and make their calculations how much longer he will be likely to be on the road, then there is a new whirl in the social scene, and new characteristics are developed to the eye of the observer at every turn.

The village store withal is a very useful place, and therefore worthy of a number, all by itself, in the list of our institutions. There the farmers go to buy their new spring seeds and their agricultural implements. There the boys go to perform their errands for mothers, sisters, and themselves. There the farmers' wives arrive early in the forenoons in the summer time, and barter away their eggs and cheese for cotton, cloth or calico, or new shoes. There the girls resort with burning blushes on their faces, to learn if they have any letters for themselves in the office, or to exchange a few remarks with the spruce young clerks whose hair hangs so heavy with oils and perfumery.

In the autumn time it is good to run your eyes over the crook-necked squashes, and the yellow, round pumpkins, and the nice white beans, and the blood-red beets that garnish the walls and ceiling. Here is the museum of agriculture. Here the farmers hold their shows. Here they flock, of afternoons as well as evenings, and tell over the finished work of the season just drawing to a close. They make up their estimate of their corn and potatoes. They begin to calculate how many cows they are going to winter, and what amount of wool the women folks mean to get carded for winter spinning. They talk on crops, on fruits, on horses, and on sheep. The store-keeper becomes a sort of confidant to every one, in affairs pertaining to business. He listens to all their tales, and offers advice whenever it is sought, and sometimes when it is not. No man can furnish forth more facts than he, whether they pertain to farm, field, or politics.

If you happen to be driving through one of these back towns any day, it will pay you well to buy a half-peck of oats for your animal to eat under the shed, while you go into the village store yourself and look around and study character. A new phase of life will present itself to you. You will see what, perhaps, you never saw before, and learn some things that you had not been told enjoyed a real existence. The storekeeper will treat you with all possible civility; the men sitting and standing around will question you very perseveringly of your name and occupation; and all the boys that roost on the boxes, kegs, and barrels, will stare, and whisper, and snicker, till you will declare to yourself that no man has really completed his education unless he has been out for a time and studied human nature in a country store.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOME MISCELLANY.

About the Birds.—The *National Intelligencer* gives the following beautiful instance of the kindness towards each other, of birds: A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of excitement among them. On examining the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young, she, in the meanwhile, cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until his curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a graceful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing, as they went, a song of praise.

What is Vulgar.—It is considered, or was once considered, a vulgar thing to write an intelligible hand—just as the man is often deemed to be most profound who is most incomprehensible, and an argument, like a dry well, always the deeper because you cannot see to the bottom of it. But it is now becoming fashionable not only to call "the million" vulgar in their habits and inclinations, but to hold it a mark of intellectual inferiority to agree with the multitude in general opinion. Amongst the "elegant," who scorn to use their unassisted eyes because the masses do it, and wear gold spectacles, although they can see much better over the rims than through the vitreous parabolas, it is just as vulgar to view moral events in the ordinary common-sense manner. They persist in gazing at them obliquely, merely to differ from the rest of the world, and to show their excellence by their eccentricity.

New Catholic Edifices.—A Catholic Church, which will cost $220,000, is to be built in Washington, D. C., on Tenth street, between F and G streets, capable of containing six thousand people. It will be in the form of a Latin cross, 211 feet long inside, covered with ornamental pinnacles, and will be surmounted with a cupola and four towers, the highest to reach an elevation of 310 feet. The Jesuits are making arrangements to build a church, college and free school in Chicago, Illinois, on the corner of Rock Island avenue and 12th street, the college buildings to cost $150,000, and to the church $100,000. It is intended to be the northwest what the Georgetown, D.C., college is to the east and south.—*New York Mercury.*

Melancholy Affair.—A little girl, eight years of age, daughter of Louis Hoag, of Farmington, Ontario County, came to her death in a singular manner. She was returning home from school, and had proceeded half way when she discovered that she had left her dinner basket in the school-house. She returned to get it, but found the door locked, and undertook to get in at the window. As her neck passed through the opening, however, the sash fell and struck her on the back of the head just below the ears. She was found about an hour afterwards hanging in the window quite dead.

A Great R. R. Excursion.—The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, connecting St. Louis and Cincinnati, is to be opened on June 4th, with one of the most extensive excursion parties that has ever been gotten up in this country. The invited guests are to be passed free over a large portion of the roads in the country, and the time included is from May 26, going out, to June 16, returning. In every respect the affair promises to be very magnificent, and it will bring together a large number of citizens from both East and West.

The Famine in Michigan.—The reports from the famine district in Northern Michigan continue to come in, painted in colors which are vivid and startling. Whole neighborhoods are suffering for lack of the necessaries of life, and provisions are transported by heads of families for many miles, the prices asked for which are met by notes payable a year hence, or the cost met by mortgages upon the property of the parties. The Relief Committees formed in Detroit and elsewhere are taking active measures to relieve the distress.

The Weather in Wisconsin.—Great complaints have been made in portions of Wisconsin in consequence of the unusual drouth, but the *Prairie du Chien Courier*, of the 14th ult., says: "For the last twenty-four hours rain has fallen in torrents, and a great change in the appearance of vegetation has taken place already, especially in grass for cattle. The river has risen several feet, and within twelve inches of high water mark, and the town of Winona is nearly submerged. The St. Paul papers say the river is rising rapidly there, and the large quantity of snow and rain may cause much injury to the towns below."

Temperance.—A Schenectady editor, describing the effects of a squall on a canal-boat, says: "When the gale was at the highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of brandy rolled overboard, and were both lost."

Warning to Tobacco Consumers.—A letter from Kentucky says, that tobacconists are using prussic acid to give an almond flavor to the leaf, and in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their lower limbs.

Looking Guilty.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea of "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheeks, in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which turned out to be his own property!—*Boston Post.*

Important to Postmasters.—It should be remembered by Postmasters that for the protection of newspaper publishers, a law was passed not long since, requiring them to notify editors of any papers uncalled for, within five weeks thereafter, or be held themselves responsible.

Issue of the New Cent.—The mint has commenced the issue of this new coin. The first instalment was brought to this city by Kinsley & Co.'s Express. The coin is a vast improvement over the old one and is destitute of the coppery odor.

The Way to Treat Bores.—There are two kinds of bores in this world—the rich and the poor. You can get rid of the latter by lending him five pounds. You can free yourself of the other by attempting to borrow twenty-five pounds from him.

The Wheeling papers note the presence in that city, at a hotel, of a man in company with somebody's wife. He met a gentlemen on the street, talked with him, and when they parted returned to the hotel in great haste, entered the lady's room, and in an excited manner exclaimed, "Your husband is now in the city on his return home from Baltimore. I saw him, shook hands with him, talked with him, and the poor fellow never suspected that you were here. Won't he rave though, when he gets home?" Shortly after this the lady and gentleman took passage for the East.

An Orangeman lately commenced amusing himself by smashing the windows of the Catholic Church at Rawdon. The priest, disturbed by the noise, rushed out with a big stick in his hand, with which he belabored the orange ruffian in fine style; until the latter deeming it useless to prolong the struggle, took to his heels shouting lustily, the priest at his heels pitching into him like a good one. It is to be hoped that this will be a warning to the scoundrel, and his comrades, to be more cautious for the future in their attacks upon Catholic property. —*Montreal True Witness.*

Courtney Y. James, Esq., son of G. P. R. James, the British Consul for Va., was wounded in one of the recent engagements in Nicaragua. Mr. J. was a practitioner of the bar in this city, until about two months since, when he left to share the misfortune of General Walker. His wound is a serious one, though it is believed, not fatal.—*Richmond Despatch.*

A professor in mathematics in a certain college, who is not famous for the prompt payment of his pecuniary obligations, recently asked a dunce who was passing an examination, "What is a note for six months?" "Don't know, sir." "Happy man!" said the professor, *sotto voce.* There was a general smile among the candidates for admission.

The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute the traitor to goodness and humanity, and he finds that things are arranged for truth and man's benefit, so that there is no spot dark enough to hide a rogue. In fact there is no such thing as concealment. To him who makes the mistake of committing a crime, the universe becomes glass, and all eyes seem looking at him.

A man appeared at Hartford, professing to be agent for a company of singers, and made all preparations for a concert, and when the evening came stood at the door and took the money. After the audience were seated, he said he guessed he would go over to the hotel and get the singers, but the singers did not come, and it was found that the agent took the eight o'clock train.

The Washington *Union* has an article on the Diplomatic appointments, in which applicants for these prominent berths are warned that nine out of ten must be disappointed, while all are cautioned to preserve patience, the time of the President being so much engrossed that he can scarcely do justice to half the demands that are made upon him.

A shawl was recently sold in Philadelphia for $1,425. In the same city women make shirts for six cents each. It should not be forgotten that even the rich cannot afford to purchase expensive luxuries without, at the same time, deducting the amount paid from the wages of the laborer. It is the poor man after all, who *pays* for the luxuries of the rich.

A young mulatto, in Duxbury, Conn., payed his devoirs to a white girl who favored his suit, whereupon some young men took the unfortunate young fellow into a barn, stripped him naked, and beat him so badly that it was feared he would not recover.

A country editor received a remittance with the request to "send the paper as long as the money lasts." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" next week, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber, that according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

The Mayor of St. Louis recommends iron pavements for the streets, which are now Macadamised with soft limestone, and are very disagreeable in dusty weather.

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull teacher to a drowsy audience, "whilst that poor idiot," pointing to an idiot who stood staring at him, "is awake and attentive."

"Perhaps," said the fool, "I would have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

A Cincinnati firm has shipped on speculation in the Western Territories, since the 2d of March, one hundred and fifty ready-made houses. These buildings are of the cottage style, and though transported in pieces, can be put up ready for occupancy in forty minutes.

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island have just decided that a married woman can gain a residence in that State for the purpose of petitioning for a divorce, though she came "single and alone" into the State, and her husband has never stood on Rhode Island soil.

The Alton *Courier* warns the public against eating, as greens, the tops of the pieplant or rhubarb. Within the last few days a number of instances have occurred in which their use has poisoned those who ate of them. The symptoms were violent purging and vomitting.

The Montreal *Witness* states that crowds of French Canadian young men are leaving that city and Lower Canada this season for California, Minnesota, and other points of the Great West. As many as one hundred and fifty have gone in a single company.

A gentleman just returned from a trip through northern Vermont, reports that snow fell all Sunday, 17th May, among the Green Mountains. At McIndoe's Falls, Caledonia County, Vt., the snow lay on Saturday previous two feet deep.

The shipments of coal from Pittsburgh since the opening of the navigation this season, amount to 12,813,643 bushels, against 8,584,085 bushels during the whole year of 1856. The shipments down the river in April last were 2,302,070 bushels.

The case of Mr. Ellis, the old man in Henrietta, who "lives without food," is really becoming one of no little strangeness. He has now existed since April 1st, and yet is cheerful and talkative. He has been deranged at times, but speedily recovered.

Great distress exists in some portions of Northern Michigan for want of food. Several persons are known to have died from starvation, and the cattle even are dying for want of provender. A public meeting was held at Detroit to devise means of relief.

How many wives would do well to emulate the virtue of the Shawnee Indian woman, who was met by a man who asked her to look on him and love him. "My husband," said she, "is ever before my eyes, and hinders me from seeing you or any one else!"

Samuel Stiles, a respectable farmer of Milford, Wis., stabbed himself to heart with a hay fork a few days since. His nephew, George Stiles, shot himself a little while before, in the same town. Spiritualism is said to have caused these suicides.

The President of the recent exploded Newcastle (Pa.) Bank said, on his examination in court: "We were doing a fine business, but *had not much to do it on.* I suppose we were running on what we owed." Cool enough!

The shad fisheries of Connecticut are growing less and less every year, and the papers are calling upon the Legislature to make measures to prevent their being entirely destroyed.

The *Ogdensburgh Sentinel* records the death of one of the oldest inhabitants and earliest settlers, Captain Kelsey T. Thurber. He died in the 87th year of his age.

Dr. Hays, in his lecture, mentioned having seen an iceberg which contained 435,000,000 pounds of ice—more than is used in one year by the civilized world.

A farmer estimates that 2,600 head of cattle have died in Marion and Ralls Counties, Mo., during the last winter from the effects of the cold, and the want of food.

An experienced farmer says he has found that a heavy crop of buckwheat, followed by a crop of oats seeded with clover, will almost completely eradicate the Canada thistle.

Five dollar counterfeits on the Exchange Bank, of Hartford, are in circulation in large quantities.

True freedom consists in this—that each man shall do whatever he likes, without injury to another.

In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that the soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays.

The mail facilities in Kentucky are to be enlarged this year to the extent of thirty-nine thousand dollars.

There is an old citizen in Wisconsin, who was born in Montreal 130 years ago. His memory is distinct for a period of 117 years.

The late Maine Legislature passed an act restoring the old law requiring the publications of intentions of marriage.

It is estimated that more than ten thousand sewing machines were made and sold in this country during the last year. This is too low.

Colonel John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, is lying dangerously ill at that place.

Experience, like Time, puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

A man cannot leave his wisdom or experience to his heirs.

Lexington, Ky., has, by the last assessment, a population of 8,852.

BOOK TRADE.

SADLIER & CO.'S

CATALOGUE OF POPULAR CATHOLIC WORKS AND SCHOOL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK,

And for Sale by Them, Wholesale and Retail.

We would most respectfully invite the attention of the Catholic Community to the following list of our Publications. On examination it will be found that our Books are very popular and saleable; that they are well printed and bound; and that they are cheaper than any books published in this country.

The Books of the other Catholic Publishers kept constantly on hand, and sold at their lowest prices.

Any of the following Books will be sent by post on receipt of the price:

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Catholic Family Bible, with Dr. Challoner's Notes and Reflections. Imperial 4to., superfine paper, 25 fine engravings, from $11 to $22
Do. do. fine edition, with 17 engravings, from $6 to $16
To both of those editions is added Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible.
Do. do. small 4to., from $2 25 to $6
Douay Bible, 8vo., from $1 to $3
Pocket Bible, $1 to $3
Douay Testament, 12mo., 37 cents.

CATHOLIC MUSIC.

The Catholic Choir Book; or the Morning and Evening Service of the Catholic Church, oblong 4to, 360 pages, $2 00
The Catholic Harp, an excellent collection of Masses, Hymns, &c., half bound, 38 cents.

PRAYER BOOKS.

Published with the approbation of Cardinal Wiseman, and Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Beautifully illustrated.
The Golden Manual; being a guide to Catholic Devotion, Public and Private, 1041 pages, at prices from 75 cents to $25. This is, without exception, the most complete Prayer Book ever published.
The Way to Heaven (a companion to the Golden Manual), a select Manual for daily use. 18mo., 750 pages, at prices from 50 cents to $20
The Guardian of the Soul, to which is prefixed Bishop England's Explanation of the Mass, 18mo., 600 pages, from 50 cents to $4
The Key of Heaven, greatly enlarged and improved, from 38 cents to $3
The Path to Paradise, 32mo., at prices varying from 25 cents to $6
The Path to Paradise, 48mo, do., from 20 cents to $3
The Gate of Heaven, with Prayers.
Mass illustrated, with 40 plates, at from 25 cents to $4
Pocket Manual, from 13 cents to 50 cents.
The Complete Missal, in Latin and English, from $2 to $6
Journee du Chretien (a fine French Prayer Book), 630 pages, at from 37½ cents to $4
Petit Paroissien (a Pocket French Prayer Book), from 13 cents to 50 cents

CATHOLIC TALES.

Fabiola, by Cardinal Wiseman. Cloth, 75 cents; cloth gilt, $1 12½
Catholic Legends. Cloth, 50 cents; cloth, gilt, 0 75
The Witch of Milton Hill, 50 cents; cloth, gilt, 0 75
The Blakes and Flanagans, by Mrs. Sadlier, 75 cents; gilt, 1 12½
Tales and Legends from History. 63 cents; gilt, 0 87½
Callista, by Dr. Newman, 75 cents; gilt, 1 13
Ravellings from the Web of Life, 0 75
Well I Well I I by M. A. Wallace, 0 75
New Lights, by Mrs. Sadlier, 0 75
Orphan of Moscow, translated by Mrs. Sadlier, 0 50
Castle of Roussillon, Do. do., 0 50
Benjamin, Do. do., 0 50
Tales of the Boyhood of Great Painters. 2 vols., 0 75
The Miner's Daughter, by Miss Caddell, 0 38
The Young Savoyard, 0 38
Lost Genoveffa, by Miss Caddell, 0 38
One Hundred and Forty Tales, by Canon Schmidt, 0 38
The Knout, translated by Mrs. Sadlier, 0 50
The Mission of Death, by M. E. Walworth, 0 50
Tales of the Festivals, 0 38
Blanch Leslie and other Tales, 0 38
Sick Calls, from the Diary of a Priest, 0 50
The Poor Scholar, by William Carlton, 0 50
Tubber Derg, and other Tales. Do., 0 50
Art Maguire, Do., 0 38
Valentine McClutchy, Do., Half-bound, 50 cents; cloth, 0 75

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Butler's Lives of the Saints, 4 vols., with 29 engravings, from $9 to $18
Butler's Lives of the Saints. (Cheap Edition.) 4 vols., $5
Do Ligney's Life of Christ and His Apostles; translated from the French, with 13 engravings, by Mrs. Sadlier, from $4 to $12
Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin, with the History of the Devotion to Her—to which is added Meditations on the Litany, by Abbe Barthe; translated by Mrs. Sadlier, 4to., with 16 engravings, from $5 to $12
The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by the Count Montalembert, plain $1; gilt, $1 50
Life of St. Bernard, by Abbe Ratisbone, $1 gilt, $1 50
History of Missions in Japan and Paraguay, by Miss Caddell. 63 cents; gilt, 88 cents.
History of the War in La Vendee, by Hill; with two maps and seven engravings. 75 cents; gilt, $1 12½ cts.
Heroines of Charity, Mrs. Seton and others, 50 cents; gilt, 75 cents.
Pictures of Christian Heroism, by Dr. Manning, 50 cents; gilt, 75 cents.
The Life of St Frances of Rome, by Lady Fullerton, 50 cents; gilt, 75 cents.
Lives of the Early Martyrs, by Mrs. Hope, 75 cents; gilt, $1 13
Popular Modern History, by Matthew Bridges, $1; gilt, $1 50
Popular Ancient History, by Do. do., 75 cts.; gilt, $1 12½
Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, by Bishop Challoner, 75 cents; gilt, $1 12½
Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare, 38 cents.
Walsh's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, with 13 plates, $3 00
Macgeoghegan's History of Ireland, vo., $2 25 to $3
Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, $1 00
O'Connor's Military History of the Irish Brigade, 1 50
Audin's Life of Henry the VIII., 2 00
Bossuet's History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches, 2 vols., $1 50
Reeve's History of the Bible, with 230 cuts, 50 cents.
Pastonni's History of the Church, 75 cents.
Cobbett's History of the Reformation, 2 vols. in one, 75 cts.
Challoner's Short History of the Protestant Religion, 19 cents.

BALMES' GREAT WORK ON PHILOSOPHY.

Fundamental Philosophy, by the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson; with an Introduction and Notes, by O. A. Brownson, 2 vols., 8vo., cloth, $3 00; half morocco, $4 00

BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION AND CONTROVERSY.

Brownson's Essays and Reviews on Theology, Politics, and Socialism, $1 25
Collot's Doctrinal and Scriptural Catechism, translated by Mrs. Sadlier; half-bound, 38 cents; muslin 50 cts.
The Catholic Christian Instructed, by Bishop Challoner, flexible cloth, 25 cents; bound, 38 cents.
Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible, 50 "
Cobbet's Legacies to Parsons, 38 "
Milner's End of Controversy, muslin, 50 "
Religion in Society, by Abbe Martinet, with an Introduction by Archbishop Hughes, $1 00
Pope and Maguire's Discussion, 75 cents.
Ward's Cantos; or, England's Reformation, 50 "
Duty of a Christian towards God, translated by Mrs. Sadlier, cloth, 50 cents.

DEVOTIONAL WORKS.

The Altar Manual; including Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and Devotions to the Sacred Heart. 18mo., roan, 75 cents; roan, gilt, $1 00.
The Christian Instructed, by Father Quadrapani; to which is added the Nineteen Stations of Jerusalem, 25 cents.
The Little Testament of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, 15 cents; roan, gilt, 31 cents.
Circles of the Living Rosary, illustrated. Printed on card paper, per dozen, 38 cents.
The Following of Christ, with Prayers and Reflections (new), at from 38 cents to $2 50.
The Graces of Mary; or, Devotions for the Month of May, 38 cents to $2 50.
Think Well On't, by Bishop Challoner, 20 cents.
Practical Piety, by St. Francis of Sales, 50 "
St. Augustine's Confessions, 50 "

CATECHISMS.

Collot's Doctrinal and Scriptural Catechism. Half bound, 38 cents; cloth, 50 cents.
BUTLER'S CATECHISM, $3 00
The General Catechism, Approved by the Council of Quebec, $3 per 100.
Do. for the Diocese of Toronto, $5 per 100.
Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine for the Diocese of Boston, $2 00

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Most of the School Books on the following list were prepared at the special request of the Provincial Brothers of the Christian Schools, and they are now in use in all the Schools, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, as well as in a great many of the Colleges and Convents of the United States and British Provinces.

New Catholic School Books.

The attention of Catholic Houses of Education is called to—BRIDGES' POPULAR ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORIES. (Just Published.)
A Popular Ancient History, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., Professor of History in the Irish University, 12 mo., 75 cents;
A Popular Modern History, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., 12mo., $1 00
These volumes containing, as they do, a large quantity of matter, with complete Indexes, Tables of Chronology, &c., &c., will be found equally useful for Popular Reading, as a standard Text Book, or as a Manual for Schools. (New and Revised Edition.)
The First Book of History, combined with Geography and Chronology for younger classes. By John G. Shea, author of a History of Catholic Missions. 12mo. illustrated with 40 engravings and 6 maps, half bound, 38 cents; arabesque, 50 cents.
Shea's Primary History of the United States. By way of Question and Answer. (Just Published.) 25 cents.
Stepping Stone to Grammar. Do. 10 "
Stepping Stone to Geography. Do. 10 "
The First Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. 72 pages, muslin back and stiff cover, 6¼ cents.
Second Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools, 13 cents.
Third Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New and enlarged edition, having Spelling, Accentuation and Definition at the head of each chapter. 12mo., of 400 pages, half bound, 38 cents.
The Duty of a Christian towards God. To which is added Prayers at Mass, the Rules of Christian Politeness. Translated from the French of the Venerable J. B. De La. Salle, founder of the Christian Schools, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo., 400 pages, half bound, 38 cents.
Reeve's History of the Bible, 50 "
Carpenter's Spelling Assistant, 13 "
Murray's Grammar, abridged, with Notes by Putnam, 13 cents.
Walkingame's Arithmetic, 25 "
Bridge's Algebra, revised by Atkinson, 31 "
Pinnock's Catechism of Geography, revised and greatly enlarged. For the use of the Christian Brothers. 12 mo., 124 pages, price only 19 cents, bound. *This is the cheapest and best primary Geography in use.*
Walker's pronouncing Dictionary, 50 cents.
Manson's Primer, 2 cents; or $1 50 cents per gross.
Davis' Table Book, 2 cents, or $1 50 " "
Letter, Foolscap, and Note Paper.
Copy and Cyphering Books Blank Books, in every variety.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL BOOKS.

New Editions of PERRIN'S ELEMENTS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONVERSATION; with new, familiar, and easy dialogues, and a suitable Vocabulary. Price, 25 cents.
Perrin's Fables (in French, with English Notes.) Price, 25 cents.
Nugent's French and English Dictionary, 64 "
A Stock of School Books and Stationery in general use kept constantly on hand. Catalogues can be had on application.
A Liberal Discount made to all who buy in quantities.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
164 William street, New York;
128 Federal street, Boston; and
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier sts., Montreal, C. E.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.
Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " ----- 1 50
Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.
Communication to be addressed to
REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE.

MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE, No. 151 CHATHAM ST. Auction Sales of New and Second Hand Clothing on every day from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 5 o'clock, P. M. OUT-DOOR SALES, of all descriptions, most respectfully solicited; the strictest attention paid, and quick and prompt payments and returns made. my30 tf

COMPLETE

Works and Life of Gerald Griffin.

NEW EDITION OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN, revised and corrected by his Brother. Illustrated with splendid Steel Engravings, and printed on the finest paper. To be complete in twenty-five thirty weekly parts, at 25 cents each—comprising the following Tales:

Vol. 1. THE COLLEGIANS. A Tale of Garryowen.
" 2. CARD DRAWING. A Tale of Clare.
THE HALF SIR. " Munster.
SUIL DHUV. " Tipperary.
" 3. THE RIVALS. A Tale of Wicklow; and TRACY'S AMBITION.
" 4. HOLLAND TIDE, THE AYLMERS OF BALLYAYLMER, THE HAND AND WORD, and BARBER OF BANTRY.
" 5. TALES OF THE JURY ROOM. Containing: SIGISMUND THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT, THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH, &c., &c.
" 6. THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH. A Tale of the English Insurrection.
" 7. THE POETICAL WORKS AND TRAGEDY OF GYSSIPUS.
" 8. INVASION. A Tale of the Conquest.
" 9. LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN. By his Brother.
" 10. TALES OF FIVE SENSES, and NIGHT AT SEA.

The Works will also be bound in cloth extra, and issued in Ten Monthly Volumes, at One Dollar per Volume. Sent free by post to any part of the United States.

In presenting to the American public, a first edition of the Works of Gerald Griffin, the Publishers may remark that it will be found to be the *only* complete one. Neither in the London nor Dublin editions, could the Publishers include the historical novel of "The Invasion," and the celebrated tragedy of "Gyssipus." As we are not subject to any restriction arising from the British copyright, we have included the former with the prose, and the latter with the poetical works of the Author.

We are also indebted to near relatives of Mr. Griffin, residing in this country, for an original contribution to this edition; which will be found gratefully acknowledged in the proper place.

As the life of the Author forms the subject of one entire volume, we need say little here, of the uncommon interest his name continues to excite. Unlike the majority of writers of fiction, his reputation has widely expanded since his death. In 1840, when he was laid in his grave, at the early age of seven and thirty, not *one* person knew the loss a pure Literature had sustained, for fifty who now join veneration for his virtues, to admiration for his various and delightful talents. The goodness of his heart, the purity of his life, the combined humor and pathos of his writings, all promise longevity of reputation to Gerald Griffin.

"He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and so men o'er him wept."

He united all the simplicity and cordiality of Oliver Goldsmith to much of the fiery energy and manly zeal of Robert Burns. His life does not disappoint the reader, who turns from the works to their author; it is, indeed, the most delightful and harmonious of all his works. From his childish sports and stories by the Shannon until his solemn and enviable death beside "the pleasant waters" of the Lee, a golden thread of rectitude runs through all his actions. A literary adventurer in London at nineteen, with a Spanish tragedy for his sole capital, famous at thirty, a religious five years later, a tenant of the Christian Brothers Cemetery at thirty-seven—the main story of his life is soon told. Over its details, we are confident, many a reader will fondly linger, and often return to contemplate so strange and so beautiful a picture. Out of his secret heart they will find sentiments not unworthy of St. Frances de Sales, while from his brain have sprung creations of character which might have been proudly fathered by Walter Scott.

Canvassers wanted every part of the United States and Canadas to sell this Work.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
164 William street, New York;
128 Federal street, Boston; and
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier sts., Montreal, C. E.

Agents—Philadelphia:—Mr. JAMES WILLETT, No. 12 North Twelfth, and Mr. P. CUNNINGHAM, 104 South Third Streets.
Albany and Troy:—FRANCIS ROURKE.
feb28 *Chicago*:—P. J. SHERLOCK.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

WESTERN LAND AGENCY,

MINNESOTA TERRITORY.

CHAS. M. BOYLE,

Dealer in Real Estate and General Land Agent,

Saint Paul, M. T.,

WILL Buy and Sell Land, Locate Land Warrants, Enter Government Lands, Collect, Pay Taxes, and attend to all business appertaining to his profession. Particular attention paid to furnishing information to Catholic Settlers. jan17

REMITTANCES to ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND,—Sterling Bills from £1—and payable on demand on Messrs. PRESCOTT, GROTE & Co., Bankers, London, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom, for sale by
my16 PRIME & CO., 54 Wall street, N. Y.

"The Star of the North."

JUST PUBLISHED,

In one Volume, octavo, of 306 Pages, and on Excellent Paper, price 75 Cents—

THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THE LATE RT. REV. EDWARD MAGINN,

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF DERRY.

Chiefly Compiled from Family Papers, by

Thomas Darcy McGee, Esq.,

Author of the "History of the Reformation in Ireland," "Irish Settlers in America," &c., &c.

"In this Province, in this state and period of society, about the commencement of the Catholic Restoration, the late Dr. Maginn's lot was cast. He was born of an orthodox stock; he grew up among a gallant and pious, but rash and much-abused peasantry; he retired from amongst them for a time, to reappear again with the highest authority upon their altars. We will see him planning and laboring in lakebound Innishowen, and within the walls of the 'maiden city,' as Priest and Leader, for a quarter of a century. All who have patience to peruse—

"'The short and simple annals of the poor,'

will witness how truly he approved himself the father of his flock. His public spirit, his moral courage, his thorough identity with the country, his fervid eloquence, his unwearied industry, his application to details, made him, in some sort, the judge and legislator of his people. His external influence was limited by his enjoyment of the episcopal dignity to three short years. Yet in these three years he undoubtedly did arduous and honorable things, never sparing mind or body, purse or person, where duty called or conscience pointed. In the prime and height of his life, he sank suddenly into the grave, lamented by his own nation, and regretted by all those throughout Christendom who take any interest in the Catholic affairs of Great Britain and Ireland."

CONTENTS.

Preface.....vii.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Family of Dr. Maginn—His first Teacher—Studies at the Irish College, Paris—Ordained in Ireland—Appointed Curate of Moville—Brief Account of Innishowen—The Derry Discussion—Catholic Emancipation—Mr. Maginn appointed Parish Priest, 1-39

CHAPTER II.

The Mission of the new Parish Priest—State of the Church in General—Local Exertions of Dr. Maginn—He Suppresses Secret Societies—Founds Seven National Schools—His Controversy with the National Board of Education—His Increasing Influence—His Preaching as described by a Cotemporary,.....40-63

CHAPTER III.

O'Connell's last Effort for Repeal—Mr. Maginn's zeal in that Agitation—His Correspondence with the Marquis of Normanby—His Confidence in O'Connell's Triumph—His Elevation to the Episcopacy—Congratulations thereupon—National Politics—His Opinion of the Young Ireland Party—His Success as an Administrator,.....64-86

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Maginn's Evidence before Lord Devon's "Commission on the Occupation of Land in Ireland"—Frequent Maladministration of the Poor Law—The Famine and the Officials—His Indignation at the Destruction of Human Life—His Incessant Efforts to Relieve the Poor—Strongly Opposes the proposed wholesale Emigration to Canada—Society for the Conservation of the Faith,.....87-103

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Maginn's Views of Church Polity in Ireland—The Charitable Bequests Act—The Queen's College—Differences of Opinion among the Hierarchy on the Colleges Act as amended—Accession of the Whigs to Power—The New Pope—Episcopal Meetings in 1846—The Appeal to Rome—Other Episcopal Movements—Proposed National Address to Pope Pius IX.,.....104-120

CHAPTER VI.

Pontificate of Pius IX.—English Intrigues in Italy—Lord Minto's Mission—Lord Shrewsbury's Visit to Rome—Lord Clarendon's Proposition to Archbishop Murray—The Irish Bishops, opposed to the Government scheme of Academical Education, send two of their number to Rome—The Agents and Influences employed against them—Success of the Mission of Drs. MacHale and O'Higgins—Dr. Maginn's part in it—Insurrection in Rome—The Pope in Exile—Eloquent Pastoral of Dr. Maginn on that event—Its reception at Rome, and by the Holy Father,..121-134

CHAPTER VII.

Influence of the Famine on Public Spirit—Dr. Maginn's Letters on "Tenant Right"—His Letters to Lord Stanley—His Popularity—Effect of the French Revolution on Ireland—Patriotic attempts to re-unite the National Parties—The Protestant Repealers and Mr. Sharman Crawford, M. P.—Extraordinary Circular of the Earl of Shrewsbury—The Young Ireland Catastrophe—Dr. Maginn's Correspondence with the Castle in relation thereto—His Sympathy with the Defeated Party and the State Prisoners,.....135-170

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Maginn's Final Visitation of his Diocese—The proposed Provincial Synod and Catholic University—Dr. Maginn's last Illness and Death—General Sorrow expressed by the Catholic Body—His Funeral—His Character and Genius—Tributes to his Memory at Home and Abroad,.....171-193

APPENDIX.

THE DEVON COMMISSION—The Rev. Edward Maginn sworn and examined,.....195-211
THE CORK TENANT LEAGUE—Letter to W. H. Trenwith, Esq.,.....212-218
Letter to Dr. McKnight, of Derry,.....219-226

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

John O'Connell to Bishop Maginn,.....227
G. Poulett Scrope to " " 227-224
BENEVOLENCE OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE DURING THE IRISH FAMINE—Bishop Maginn to Messrs. Hawkins, Jones and Gilmore,.....225-238
Lord William Fitzgerald to Bishop Maginn,.....238
Lord Normanby to " " 239-241
Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs to " " 241-245
Thomas Steele, Esq., to " " 245-251

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Archbishop Cullen to Bishop Maginn,.....251-261
Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Higgins to " 261-265
Archbishop Cullen to " 265-269
Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Higgins to " 269-271
Archbishop Cullen to " 271-278
Amended Statutes of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland relating to Religion,.....279-284
Bishop Maginn's Pastoral on the Pope's Exile,..285-306

P. O'SHEA,

sp25 739 Broadway, and 20 Beekman street, N. Y.

BUSINESS CARDS.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY FOR the best fitting Pantaloons and all other Garments, of the very best material of all kinds, at the lowest prices, is at No. 23 Chamber street, corner of Centre.

JAMES LAPINE, Merchant Tailor, is now ready with a choice selection of the best

FRENCH and ENGLISH CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES and SILK VESTINGS,

and a rich assortment of

FANCY VELVETS,

received by the last packets. Also, the new style of

THE RAGLAN OVERCOAT,

and all the other fashions, just received for '57. Also,

SHIRTS, STOCKS, COLLARS.

AND

FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

N. B.—All persons furnishing their own clothes, can have them made and trimmed in the best style, at a very moderate charge.

☞ Remember the address—

No. 23 Chamber street,
corner of Centre, a few doors east of Burton's Theatre.
ap23 tf JAMES LAPINE.

FOR SALE,

UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES AND MELODEUM ORGAN,

For Church and Parlor,

By ROZ, of Paris.

Superior to anything made until now.

Can be seen at the Manufactory, No. 127 Elm St. corner of Howard.

Give us a call. my9 1y

J. P. CALLANEN,

Attorney-at-Law,

SYRAUSE, N. Y.

☞ Particular attention paid to the collection of bills. oc14 tf.

JOSEPH McGUIRE.

Agent for Selling and Letting Real Estate ,Collecting Rents, Debts, &c.

Office No. 86 Seventh Street.

N. B.—Can refer to any of those gentlemen for whom I transact business.

GENUINE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Physicians' and Family Recipes Carefully Dispensed.

Particular attention paid to the putting up and fitting of Sea, Family and Plantation Medicine Chests, at the Old Established Stand,
431 Pearl, cor. Rose street.

THE PROPRIETOR feels satisfied, from his long experience in the business and the care exercised in the selection of his stock, that he can guarantee the purity of every article; and, as all prescriptions are prepared under his own immediate supervision, customers may depend that each article offered for sale or used will be thoroughly tested.

The Chemical Department comprises Domestic, French, English, and German Chemicals, including the rarest and most expensive.

Perfumery, Toilet, and Fancy Articles in great variety. R. DILLON, Proprietor.
feb18-1y. Cor. Pearl and Rose sts.

JOHN FLANLY.

STATUARY, MARBLE MANTELS, GRAVE STONES, &c. Broadway, near Twenty-sixth St. New York. jan 1

EDWARD HART,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Brandies, Wines, Champaigne, London Porter, Scotch Ale, Irish and Scotch Malt Whiskey, Segars, &c., &c.,

No. 74 James's Street, corner of Oak,
NEW YORK.

CHARLES J. MURPHY,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Brandies, Wines, Gin, Rum, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Segars, Ale, Porter, Cordials, &c.

LIQUORS IN BOND OR DUTY PAID.

Stores, Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 16 Cedar Street.

Office, 138 Pearl Street,

A few doors south from the corner of Wall street,

NEW YORK.

Military.

MANAHAN'S BRASS BAND.

CIVIC and MILITARY PARADES ATTENDED. MANAHAN'S QUADRILLE BAND attends to Balls, Excursions, and Private Parties, supplying any number of Musicians.

Apply to THOMAS MANAGHAN, 270 Bowery, New York.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Pupils under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools will take place at the ATHENÆUM, corner of Clinton and Atlantic streets, on TUESDAY EVENING, June 9, 1857. Dodworth's full Band is engaged. The exercises will commence with SEBASTIEN, THE ROMAN MARTYR, founded on Card, Wiseman's celebrated tale of Fabiola—by the Pupils. THE HOLDING Celebrated Juvenile Vocalists will sing and play some of the most approved songs. The SCHOLARS, under the direction of Professor EBERTS, will perform on the Violin and Flute. Overtures, Duets, &c. To conclude with a laughable afterpiece designated to convey a moral which ought not to be forgotten. Tickets 50 cents each.

☞ Doors open at 6 P. M. Performance to commence at 7. Tickets can be had from any of the Scholars, or at Mr. M. NEVIN'S Bookstore, 180 Fulton street, and at the door on the Evening of the Exhibition. Those intending to witness the Exhibition will do well to purchase their Tickets previously. jn6

Catholic Library and Reading Room,

839 BROADWAY.

Open daily (Sundays excepted) for Ladies, exclusively, from 1 to 4 P.M.; for Gentlemen from 4 to 10 P.M. *Annual Subscription*, ONE DOLLAR. *Life membership*, TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

M. T. COZANS, *President.*
WM. T. BUGIE, *Recording Secretary.* jn6

BOOK TRADE.

New Books Just Published.

A New and Revised Edition of

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

The Life, translated by MARY HACKETT; and the Introduction by MRS. J. SADLIER.

The Work has been read over, carefully compared with the Original, and the Translation amended wherever it required it.

Large 12mo., with a steel engraving after Oberbick; Cloth, extra, $1; Cloth, gilt, $1 50.

LIFE OF CHRIST;

OR,

Jesus Revealed to Childhood and Youth.

By the ABBE F. LAGRANGE.

Translated from the French, by MRS. J. SADLIER.

WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

16mo., with 10 Illustrations. Cloth, extra, 50 cents; gilt, 75 cents.

THE IRISH PROPHECIES.

The Prophecies of SS. COLUMBKILL, MAELTAMLACHT, ULTAN, SENANUS, BEARCAIRI and MALACHY. Also, the Prophecies of MCAULIFFE, DONALL CAM, FION MAC CUMHAILL, &c., &c. Literally Translated from the Irish, with Notes. By NICHOLAS KEARNEY.

16mo.; Cloth, extra, 38 cents.

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

Life and Labors of St. Vincent De Paul.

By HENRY BEDFORD.

A New, Complete and Careful Biography. Cloth, 63c.; Cloth, gilt edges, 88c.

ALICE SHERWIN.

A Tale of the Times of Sir Thomas Moore.

Cloth, 75 cents; Gilt, $1 21.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

By HENRY FORMBY.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
jn6 164 william street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED,

In 1 vol. demi 8vo. cloth, price 75 cts. In embossed cloth, gilt edges, embellished with a fine Portrait of REV. DR. FABER, $1 25.

ATHER FABER'S NEW WORK:

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE;

Or, the Wonders of Divine Love.

By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D., author of "*All for Jesus,*" "*Growth in Holiness,*" "*Blessed Sacrament,*" etc., etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

With the Sanction and Corrections of the Author, simultaneously with the London Edition.

THE title suggests the character of the work, and the name of the distinguished author is sufficient popularity of Father Faber's other works have been in England and this country, as well as on the Continent, where they have been translated, and met with an immense sale, it is the opinion of judges, both in England and this country, who have examined portions of it, that this last production of his genius, learning and piety, will reach even a greater multitude of readers in every rank of society.

Just Published, in 1 vol., square 16mo. Paper, 12½; flexible cloth, 18¾; full cloth, 25 cts. Cloth, gilt edges and sides, 50 cents.

GERALD O'RIELLY; or, The Triumph of Principle, and EVA O'BEIRNE; or, The Little Lace Maker. Two tales in one volume—by BROTHER JAMES.

This is the first volume of a series of cheap Juveniles, intended for Premiums for Sunday and Parochial Schools, &c.

☞ Free by mail on receipt of the advertised prices.

PREPARING FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION.

Will be ready early in June (uniform with Grantly Manor), New Editions of

LADY BIRD.....ELLEN MIDDLETON.

By LADY FULLERTON.

THE DEMON OF GOLD.

By HENDRICK CONSCIENCE.

EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO PRO ADMINISTRATIONE SACRAMENTORUM, ad Commodiorem usum Missionariorum, in Septentrionalis Americæ Foederatæ Provinciis. Editio Altera.

RITUS ET PRECES AD MISSAM CELEBRANDAM in usum præcipue eorum qui sacris initantur.

CONCILIUM BALTIMORENSE PROVINCIALE VIII, Habitum Anno 1855. Uniform with former editions.

THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA. By the Most Rev. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. A new revised edition, in 3 vols., 8vo.

THE VISITATION MANUAL, a New Prayer Book, compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation.

ST. IGNATIUS' METHOD OF MEDITATION. A Series of Practical Meditations, &c.

MURPHY & CO., Publishers,
jn6 3t Baltimore street, Baltimore.

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

For further information and particulars, apply to P. O'CONNOR, Joliet, Illinois.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by
P. O'CONNOR.

OHIO AND PRISON WHISKEY for sale by the barrel, by P. O'CONNOR.

CITY LOTS AND LAND for sale by
jn6 P. O'CONNOR.

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,

AGENTS.

69 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Arrangements for 1857.

PERSONS desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the Subscribers, and have them brought out by the

BLACK BALL OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American Ships weekly.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Passage Certificate and Receipt.

The "Black Ball or Old Line of Liverpool Packets" comprise the following magnificent and fast-sailing ships:

HARVEST QUEEN (new),	*COLUMBIA,*
ISAAC WEBB (new),	*FIDELIA,*
GREAT WESTERN,	*MANHATTAN,*
ISAAC WRIGHT,	*YORKSHIRE,*
NEPTUNE (new),	*JAMES FOSTER (new).*

Provisions of the best quality are provided for Passengers, and served out, at the rate *per week* of 2½ lbs. of Bread or Biscuit, 1 lb. Flour, 5 lbs. Oatmeal, 2 lbs. Rice, ½ lb. Sugar, ½ lb. Molasses, and 2 oz. Tea, to each Adult Passenger.

We issue Drafts at Sight for any amount on the *ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND AND DUBLIN,* And on

MESSRS. ROCHE, BROTHERS, Dublin;
MESSRS. PRESCOTT, GROTE & CO., Bankers, London.

Which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

Apply or address, if by letter (postpaid), to

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,
69 South street, corner of Pine, New York

Please recollect the name and address, ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, 69 South street, near the Wall street Ferry.

AGENTS.

Messrs. Roche, Brothers, 30 Eden Quay, Dublin.
" Solomon, Stugis & Co., Janesville, Ohio.
" Kellogg, Fitzgerald & Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
" Barry & Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Bryan, Gardner & Co., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
" Darling & Co., Bankers, Green Bay, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Menasha, Wis.
" A. & D. O'Brien, St. Louis, Mo.
" G. C. Whitney & Son, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. S. D. Hungerford, Banker, Adams, N. Y.
" E. B. Newkirk, Bank of Rondout, Rond't, N. Y.
" M. O'Grady, Canandaigua, N. Y.
" Bernard K. Fallon, Hartford, Conn.
" Michael Drory, West Troy, N. Y.
" A. A. Cody, Middleton, Conn.
" Edward H. Bunker, Chicago, Ill.
" Patrick Morrisey, New Haven, Conn.
" P. Sheahan, Lowell, Mass.
" Thomas Keogh, Milwaukie, Wis.
" Patrick Dillon, Geneva, N. Y.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBER TKELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Cohoes, N. Y.
T. O'HEA CANTILLON, Dubuque, Iowa.

Boarding, &c.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Stages leave railroad at Newark for Belleville, 3 miles off, at 9½ A. M., and 4½ P. M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN
ap11 3m Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
oct18 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

Wants, &c.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

WANTED—A Situation as Teacher in a Catholic School, by a middle-aged man of steady habits, who has been teaching in St. Louis during several years past, and can give the best of references. An Irish settlement in the West preferred. Any communications directed to Mr. O. Fallon, Bookseller, St. Louis, Mo., for "Celt," shall be attended. jn6

TEACHER WANTED.

A TEACHER who is well qualified to teach the principal branches of the English language, may obtain a permanent situation by appiying to Rev. T. F. Hendricken, Waterbury, Conn. jn6 3t

WANTED—A Teacher, well qualified in all the branches of an English education, to take charge of the Catholic School of St. Joseph's, Bedford, L. I. None else need apply. my23 3t

Advertisements of this class inserted *four times for a dollar.* As New York is the great centre of emigrant life, this paper seldom fails to find out parties so advertised.

Information Wanted.

Of ELIZA WATTS, a native of Killedmond, county Carlow, Ireland, who emigrated to the United States about five years ago, and when last heard from was residing in New York. Any information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received.

Of THOMAS COSTELLO, a native of Rathban, near Ballinasloe, county Galway, Ireland, who for the last three years has been residing at Lawrence Feeny's, No. 81 Mulberry street, but who left there in the beginning of April, 1857. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, will be thankfully received by his wife.

Of WILLIAM WALSH, a native of the city of Waterford, Ireland, laborer, aged 35 years, who came to this country about six months ago. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, will be thankfully received.

Of PATRICK McCABE, aged 13 years, who landed in New York on the 8th day of June, 1856, from the ship James Arkla, from the line of Tabscott & Co. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his afflicted parents, Patrick and Mary McCabe, Fayetteville, Brown County, Ohio.

Of ANN and MARY O'BRIEN; ANN, aged 14 MARY, aged 11; who emigrated from Limerick, Ireland, about the latter end of July, 1854, with their uncle, Matthew O'Brien, who afterwards died at Quebec. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by their father, at Duffin's Creek, Pickering, C. W. When last heard from, after landing in Quebec, in Sept., 1854, they were at Timothy Ryan's, in Diamond Harbor.

Of THOMAS KIELTY, a native of Sarnaugnt, near Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland; when last heard from was in St. Louis, Mo. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brothers and sisters. Direct 2 Patrick or Daniel Kielty, Fitchburg, Mass.

☞ Southern papers please copy.

Of JOHN and JAMES BUTLER, natives of Capperquinn, townland of Elen, county Waterford, Ireland. Their sister Caroline is at present at the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, Buffalo.

Of MARY and PATRICK GILHOLY, natives of the county of Sligo, Ireland, who arrived in this city in the month of April last per Star of the West. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received at the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 Worth street, New York.

If BRIDGET MANNION, or HESSIAN, who lef Cooloo, near Tuam, in the county of Galway' Irelandt about 8 years ago for the United States, and is supposed to be residing in Baltimore, will forward her address to the Commissioners of Emigration, New York, she will hear of her child Martin Mannion.

Of MARTIN BARRETT, who landed in Quebec in June, 1847; was seen by his brother, Thomas Barrett, in Quincy, Illinois, in May, 1855. Any information of him will be gratefully received by his brother, Thomas Barrett, residing in Holly Springs, Miss.

Of MICHAEL RYAN, a native of Dublin, Ireland; his wife is living in Londonderry; is a sailor; has not been heard from for three years; when last at home sailed for Canada; is about 5 feet 6 inches high, and has red hair, and is stout built. Information about him will be thankfully received by his rother, Philip J. Ryan, South Manchester, Conn., or at this office.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Liverpool, per U. S. Steamer OLUMBIA, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 6th day of June, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, *Postmaster.*

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 32549 4

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.